

48

ADVOCATE



ADVOCATE

CHRISTMAS • 1948



VOL. LIX, No. 1

PRICE 60c

DECEMBER, 1948

Published Twice a Year by the Student Body

THE NEEDHAM SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

NEEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

COVER DESIGN BY ANN BROCKETT, '50

STAFF

<i>Make-Up Editor</i> PATRICIA CATE	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i> PATRICIA LEAHY	<i>Business Manager</i> PAUL TOMAINO
<i>Literary</i>	<i>Senior</i> JEAN POWDERLY ANNE BROOKS EDWARD CONDIT	<i>Junior</i> ROSEMARY ROHMER EDITH KELMAN
<i>They Say</i>	MARY JEAN PAGE JEAN WOODWARD	JOAN HANLON SALLY VINCENT
<i>Sports</i>	JOHN CARLSON MARY ALICE CARRE	PHILIP CHRISTOPHE JOANNA BULLARD
<i>Humor</i>	CAROLYN ANDERSON ROBERT SCHNELLE	EDWARD SUSSENGUTH JEAN CARRE
<i>Alumni</i>	BETTY HERSEY	JULIE CLARENBACH BARBARA UNDERHILL
<i>Art</i>	PAUL BROADLEY FRED NEWEY	ALAN FORBES ANN BROCKETT
<i>Photography</i>	CARSTEN KAVANAGH WILLIAM BEAVERS GEORGE HAYCOCK	JAMES CLINTON
<i>Business</i>	JOHN DURHAM ETHEL KAYE	GEORGE TWIGG LILLIAN SALAMONE REYBURN POTTER

FACULTY ADVISERS

CATHERINE DODGE
FLORENCE DURGIN LOUISE STEELE



TABLE OF CONTENTS

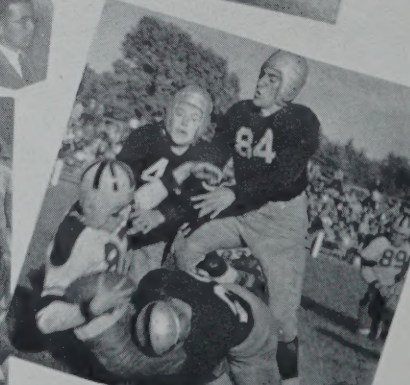
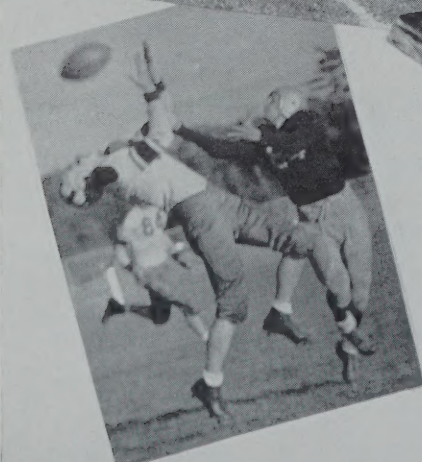
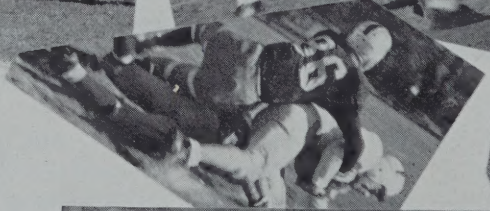
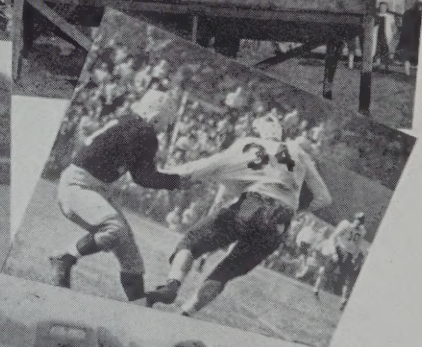
DEDICATION	3
INFORMAL SHOTS	4
EDITORIALS	5
LITERARY	7
THEY SAY	17
CARTOONS	21
INFORMAL SHOTS	22
SPORTS	23
ALUMNI	27
HUMOR	29

DEDICATION...



The *Advocate* staff dedicates this Christmas issue to our school custodian, Mr. Cornelius J. Coughlin. Our ubiquitous and effervescent *Cough* is friend of students and faculty alike. When lockers stick or something's out of whack, everybody calls on *Cough*. The well-kept school and grounds bear testimony to his unceasing efforts to keep The Hill a credit to our community.

At this Christmas season, when the spirit of friendship and giving stands out in our lives, it is fitting for us to pay special thought to a person who shares with one and all throughout the year his friendly, jovial nature. *Cough* will always be the smiling, joking, thoughtful friend in the corridor—and in our hearts.



EDITORIALS

JOIN THE FUN

Patricia Leahy, '49

Today, when colleges are accepting new students, they are taking many things into consideration. Of course they will give preference to a pupil with a high scholastic rating, but they want something besides a book-worm. Extra-curricular activities mean a great deal.

You may wonder how you can get into different groups. In our high school there are numerous opportunities for a full extra-curricular program. If you have a hidden talent for playing a drum, what better fun could you have than by joining the band? Or if you have always admired the work of a librarian, the Library Club is the place for you. In the field of athletics there are sports for every season, both for boy and girl participants.

When a school dance comes along, there is a perfect chance to make yourself helpful and also reveal any talents. Volunteer to sell tickets, or offer to help with decorations. It's a real thrill to see your art work beautifying the gym. People will remember you when the next dance comes up; you will have made new friends and gained new experiences.

Of course all activities take time, but what better way is there to spend afternoons than by helping yourself and your school? They say that you get out of a project only as much as you put into it, and that really applies to outside activities. By devoting time and energy to committees, sports teams, and clubs, you are on the way to becoming the all-round citizen who is a success in high school, college, and community life.

THE BAND

Edward Condit, '49

There seems to be a general tendency around school to make light of the efforts of our Band. To those who regard the Band with high esteem, this may be an abrupt awakening. Don't be alarmed; there are always people willing to tear down something for the sheer pleasure it gives them. Destruction is easier than construction; it takes less brains. Construction requires both intelligence and appreciation.

To a great number of students, the Needham High School Band has been just another organization, unimportant and uninteresting. Even some of the band members, either through indifference or actual intent, carry on practices which are detrimental to the whole purpose of the Band.

It so happens that we have an excellent Band. Attesting to this are the superior ratings given Needham at the various Music Festivals where we have been in competition with school bands from all over the state. Consider the large amounts of money, time, and energy that are spent on it. One need not look far to realize the value of the Band as advertising for the school, even as are our athletic teams.

To many the Band is simply a place for the proverbial "long-hairs" of music and, on the other extreme, for point-seekers, trying to scrape together credits number sixty-one, -two, and -three. True, there are such among the ranks of the Needham High Band, but the main body is made up of students genuinely interested in music and its presentation for their own enjoyment and for the good of the school.

Let's keep our Band the fine organization it has always been.

HAVE A HEART

Jean Powderly, '49

We're not kids anymore, right? You get mad if a teacher says, "Quiet, *children*." Okay, let's prove that we are out of the diaper stage. If you want to be treated like an adult, you have to act like one. Let's show them that their worries over "what's the world coming to," and, "oh, this younger generation," are unwarranted. The seniors especially have a responsibility to set a good example for the under-classes. Let's consider assemblies. Here is a marvelous place to get some practice on how to act in the adult world. No matter how dull the subject or how inadequate the speaker, everyone should have the common decency to act in a courteous manner. Imagine yourself in the speaker's position for just a minute. Some fun trying to make yourself heard over the increasing jabber of the audience, isn't it? Do you enjoy hearing a low groan as your subject is announced? Doesn't it make you mad to think you've been judged before being given a trial? Now, we all agree the speaker isn't having any party either. Remember the times you have moaned as a speaker was introduced and then really enjoyed the talk? Even if it does prove uninspiring to you, some of your neighbors may be interested. Let's give them a sporting chance to hear. Even though you may get away with acting loud and bored in school, after you leave high school you will be considered rude and juvenile if you continue. Let's see to it that our guests leave with the impression that it has been a pleasure to speak before the mature and courteous student body of Needham High School.

GERMANY

Edith Kelman, '50

Germany, the instigator of both world wars, may yet be the cause of a third and probably last world war. The German people are not an ignorant mass of humanity blindly following a god-emperor, as were the Japanese, but a shrewd, calculating race who knew very well what they were doing in following Hitler's doctrines. For more than twenty years they have had drummed into them the ideals of Naziism, and it is foolish of us to believe that just by winning the war we have wiped out these ideals. Polls taken recently in Germany show that most of the Germans are as anti-Semitic as they were during the war and still believe that they are the master race.

Our danger is that we may unknowingly play into their hands. The Nazi policy was "Divide and Conquer," and this is an ideal situation for them to exercise this policy now that Russia and the United States are at odds on so many issues. To gain an ally for ourselves against Russia, who we believe may be a future antagonist, we are soft-soaping the Germans. The Russians are also using this method, and if we are not careful it may develop into a veritable race to rearm Germany. When and if a future war comes along, Germany will be in a beautiful position to throw in her weight with the stronger side.

The maxim, "Let by-gones be by-gones" must be used more sparingly. So many have forgotten the horrible atrocities committed by the Germans in the past world war. The Germans were probably laughing up their sleeves at us when we drastically shortened the sentence of Ilse Koch, the notorious Mistress of Buchenwald. This summer I made the acquaintance of a girl, only seventeen, who had been in a German concentration camp for three years, and in a ghetto for five years before that. Her mother, father, and brother had been killed

by the Germans; and after she had been liberated, she learned that five days later she was to have been taken to the gas chamber.

So let us beware of the Germans and not be too ready to rebuild their country. Remember that what they have done twice in the past they can easily repeat. We should treat them justly, but firmly, keeping in mind their past record.



OUR WORLD

Rosemary Rohmer, '50

About this time every year one's thoughts travel to a manger where two thousand years ago a baby was born who was to change the ideals, thoughts, and actions of the whole world. With Him He brought a peace and serenity which He hoped to give to the peoples of the world. He grew up, preaching His doctrines, until people from far and near believed in Him and His teachings and followed Him. He died for the people living then and for all the generations to come. The world has not appreciated Him. It has shown this by the disorder, wars, and unfriendliness of nations towards one another. Such animosity started somewhere. It began in small groups, and grew until it finally became a vital issue. If these people had shown kindness, friendliness, and cooperation among themselves and others, the world would be like a Heaven on Earth. It is up to us in our school life and later on in civic and community life to try to promote peace and unity among all. Then the baby who was born and crucified for us will not have died in vain.

A LETTER

Shirley Dawn Roberts, '50

Dear Kids of Needham Senior High,

About ten men threw me off a truck and carried me (or should I say dragged me?) into the school. It was very exciting for me, for I had never been in a school before.

As I stood there, gazing around me in wonder, the men dragged me into a room with a lot of tables and chairs, and there they left me. As one of the men walked out the door, I heard him say, "What will they think of next?"

As many, many days passed, I got very lonely. Being a juke box, I missed the music and excitement of people dancing and singing to my music. Then all of a sudden there was a ringing of a bell, a wild stampede, and the scraping of chairs.

I finally came to the conclusion that school had started at last and that it was lunch time. Everyone came to examine me, and then someone put a nickel in my slot. Nothing happened. Soon there was a boy fooling around with my insides. If I could talk, I would have told him that all I needed was a little oil. I just had to wait until the boy found out for himself. After I was fixed, he put a nickel in me, and I gave forth with the choice number he had picked. Everyone was pleased, even I.

I've been here a year and a half now, and all through that time I've been kicked, banged and even really broken by some of you kids. Please take better care of me in the future, because I should like to make this my home.

Yours truly,

Juke Box.

LITERARY



THE SLED

Patricia Cate, '49

It was one of those Christmas days when the whole world seems to be singing with happiness. The sunshine sparkling on the snow rivaled the brilliance of the colorfully lighted Christmas trees. If one could just take a peek into every home that Christmas day, happy smiles would surely greet the intruder.

If we were to look in upon the Vandawn mansion, we would find the usual Christmas morning activities. In the richly decorated living-room the small family group was gathered. Torn and wrinkled wrapping papers were strewn about the floor, while beautiful gifts were being admired. However, there was one discordant note in this picture. Pamela, a young girl of twenty, was giving every indication of being utterly bored with the giving and receiving of gifts. She yawned once, then twice. With a red finger-nailed hand she was examining a beautiful watch set in diamonds. Her whole attitude bespoke indifference. She was a beautiful girl; yet her face had an empty look. She was wearing a gray suit, cut in the latest style. Her numerous bracelets clanked with a prosperous importance.

"Well, dear, how do you like it?" Mrs. Vandawn spoke hopefully.

"The watch? Oh, it's all right. But, mother, I do wish you had gotten a different strap," Pamela replied peevishly.

"Well, we can fix that, dear."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"I'm glad you're so pleased, Pam."

Pamela nodded and then turned away.

Mrs. Vandawn looked distressed, but forced a smile and began chatting again. It was hard to get used to Pamela's thoughtlessness, even after all these years.

Pamela rose, stretched in a not very lady-like fashion, and sauntered across the room. "Dad, I think I'll go over to see Sue."

"But, Pam."

"Oh, don't be that way, Father. There's nothing to do here, so I might as well go."

"Well, really, Pam dear. It is Christmas morning." Mrs. Vandawn's voice sounded a trifle hurt and reproachful.

Pamela ignored her mother. "Is it all right if I take the car, Dad?"

"Well, if you're careful, Pam. You know how icy the roads are now."

"I haven't had an accident yet, have I? Besides, I'm a good driver." Pamela spoke with the supreme self-confidence of youth.

"Don't be too late, dear."

"Oh, I won't be gone long, mother." With that Pamela was gone, glad to get away and glad to have a chance to drive her father's snappy light blue convertible with the red upholstery.

Meanwhile a very different scene was taking place in the tiny flat belonging to Mrs. Morley and her eight-year-old son, Tim. They, too, were in their best room which served as a living, dining, and sleeping room for these two. On a small table there was an even smaller artificial Christmas tree. It was decorated with cigar bands pasted together in a chain. The effect was not exactly grandiose, but to the Morleys it could not have been more beautiful.

Mother Morley sat in a sagging arm chair, whose day had long since passed. Her lined, wan face was set in downcast wrinkles. Her hands with their chipped and broken nails were chapped and calloused. Today she wore her best dress, an ill-fitting black and white print, cut in a style long since cast aside by the fashion-wise. To Mother Morley this was of little consequence. She was utterly unconscious of herself. Her attention was on Tim.

He was an angel of a child. Brown curls topped big, inquiring blue eyes. A tiny row of freckles ran across his snub nose. Tim looked as if he would burst with happiness. His mouth stretched into an ever-widening grin, exposing three missing teeth. The object of all this joy was a sled. The sled was not exactly new, but it was new to Tim. If one were to look at it with a critical eye, one would observe rusted runners, scraped paint, and a splintered side; but to Tim this was the most magnificent sled that would ever be. He just stood there for a moment, drinking it in. Then he ran to his mother. "Where'd ya get it, mom? Where'd ya get it? Golly, gee, whiz, it's super!"

Mother Morley smiled contentedly. "Why, Mrs. Vandawn gave it to me, Tim. It used to be Pam's and now it's yours!"

All the while she was saying this, Mother Morley was thinking of the hours she had spent scrubbing Vandawn floors, and polishing Vandawn silver in order to have this sled. At first they were going to junk it, but when Pamela discovered that Mother Morley was interested in it the sled was to be had for five dollars.

But as Mother Morley watched her son, nothing mattered but his joy. It made her own heart ache with happiness.

"Gee, mom, can I try it out?"

"Of course, darling." Tim's pleading eyes were not to be denied.

Mother Morley helped him into his patched snow suit. His little cap barely covered his ears, and the worn overshoes were hardly adequate, but these things mattered not. The only important thing was to try out the new sled.

Tim carried it out and set it on the snow. What a sight! And to think it was really his. He trudged up the hill in front of the house. Mother Morley stood by the window watching her world make his way to the top.

Tim got set on the sled and cried, "Here I come!" He started slowly

and then the sled began to pick up speed. By the time he had reached the intersection at the bottom he was going too fast to stop.

If only Tim had been a little quicker or a little slower in starting, it might never have happened. The light blue convertible with the red upholstery might never have had its brakes screech frantically, but too late.

When Mother Morley heard the crash and the terrifying scream, she rushed to the door and down to the street. Tim lay in the snow, still as a sleeping babe. Mother Morley rushed to him and flung her arms about his tiny body, while racking sobs broke in her throat.

Meanwhile the driver of the car sat huddled over the wheel, unbelieving of what had happened. Her face had the expression of one who is just beginning to wake up, after a lifetime of sleep.

Somewhere it was still a beautiful Christmas day, and somewhere the sun was still sparkling on the snow, but for little Tim the Christmas lights would never shine again.

THE NEW GIRL

Jean Powderly, '49

I walk into the cool, unfriendly place.
The laughing, rushing crowd just passes by
Without a single glance my way.
I sigh
And hesitantly walk with downcast face
To room nineteen — first class.
With quickened pace
I enter, bold, defiant — hurt and shy.
I look about for just a sign. I try
To find a friendly smile. There's not a trace.

At last the noon bell rings. I slowly start
To go but one lone girl remains behind.
"Hello, you're new. At lunch, do sit with me."
A gentle smile is on her face. My heart
Grows light with joy. I think, "Perhaps I'll find
It's not so bad." But I shall wait and see.

★

★

REAL PEACE

Jack Carlson, '49

A peace is here we read each day,
Is this the peace we want to stay?
A peace where men still fight and die,
And helpless children know not why.

A peace where we are taught to dread
The grasping arm of Russian Red.
A peace where people fuss and stew
Because they're Gentiles; he's a Jew.

A peace where God wants us to be
Black, and yellow, white and free.
For peace like that we all do yearn;
A peace like that we all must learn.

CIVILIZATION

Robert Beale, '49

Civilization — expanding, progressing,
Searching for new lands,
Moving outward covering the world.
Great empires rising and falling;
New ones, bigger ones, replacing
older, smaller ones.
Always pushing, pushing.

Civilization — great waves of a
wide blue sea
Surging outward,
Covering all in their way.
Gigantic waves rising, falling;
But always new ones, bigger than
before, rising to take their place.
Always pushing, pushing.

ESCAPE

Edward Condit, '49

The mid-afternoon August sun poured its rays upon the earth. It was a beautiful day, the kind that gives one an inexplicable feeling of joy and release. To the gardener working on the broad tree-filled expanse of lawn it was magnificent. The sunlight on his blue-denims flashed on and off like a beacon as he passed from light into shade and back again. From time to time he brushed a calloused hand over the never-ending flow of perspiration on his brow. He was hot, yes, but not uncomfortable, for he loved his work — loved the out-of-doors. It was wonderful to him to work with the splendors of nature, adding to them the fashioning of man. He was not working for himself; but then again, he was.

With slow, careful strokes he raked the grass-cuttings into piles. How green it was under his feet, like velvet. What matter if he did have half the expanse of lawn to finish? There was no hurry. He had plenty of time — plenty. He was an exile from civilization, a convict.

But he was fortunate, much better off than most, for he was trusted — trusted with freedom from the steel and concrete that seals one away from the world and life. Called it freedom, did I? It's a kind of freedom, with someone watching your every move. He was very close to the prison now, the great monster leering down upon him. It was warm in the shade there, but the massive structure that cast the shadow made him shiver.

He watched the people going by, the children laughing and playing. A train rumbled along the busy trunk line across a rolling meadow, and on toward the hazy, purple-tinted mountains in the distance. These things were not his; but they were, in a sense, a part of him. He was merely sitting in on life, a spec-

tator watching the great panorama about him. Children would pass near where he was working on the prison lawn and smile, hesitantly, not quite certain what to do. He would smile in return, but that was all. It was just a few feet of lawn, but it was an impenetrable wall.

A blue-eyed little boy playing with a shiny sand-pail brought him thoughts of his own son. Ten years is a long time. He would be out in a month. His boy would be in his early 'teens now. How would he act toward his father, an ex-con? Sometimes on an occasional visiting day when Sarah would bring the boy he imagined a flicker of understanding in the boy's eyes; he was not sure. He'd been a rotten father, but he'd make up for it, if it was not too late.

How much he had learned in those ten years! At first the hope of escape had plagued him unmercifully. Then, gradually, he had come to realize the futility of it. Some men might break out; not he. Or would he? The harsh, impersonal prison life still tormented him. There, one was only a number; outside, one would be somebody. As he worked, he tried to imagine that the prison was not there beside him — that he *was* part of the world around him.

The noisy blare of a diesel horn arrested his attention, and he looked up to view the rapidly enlarging image of an express. The countless trains which roared by each day were just another part of the forbidden world. They carried him to far-off places, to cities he had known, to his home. Suddenly he flung down his rake and fled across the wide expanse of green toward the tracks and the onrushing train.

At once the sleeping monster awoke. A wailing siren increased in intensity until the air split with its shriek. The harsh staccato of a

machine-gun and the sharp crack of rifles sounded from a tower. From every direction guards materialized on the lawn. The great tentacles of the reformatory were reaching out to draw back the fleeing figure.

Across the meadow he ran, the air around him thick with death. Twice his body seemed to jerk, as a marionette on a string, but he kept on. He seemed to grasp at the rails, and then flung himself across the embankment inches ahead of the hurtling engine. The guards, halted by the express, paused momentarily. The train passed, and they renewed the chase, but not for long.

They found him on the other side of the embankment; the bullets had done their gruesome task. The guards stood aghast, rooted to the ground, as the little boy with the blue eyes struggled loose from the death-grip that enveloped him and toddled up the embankment to retrieve a flattened sand-pail from between the rails.



FALL

Laura Cabell, '49

A gypsy lass is the Fall
Vivacious, gay and bright.
The colored leaves are her clothes;
Her flowing hair, the night.

Her black eyes are the opened nuts;
Her cheeks, the apples red.
The brilliant sunsets are kerchiefs
To cover her proud, dark head.

The rustle of her skirts is heard
As the wind blows through the grass.
The frost is her jewelry
Which, like fair fall, must pass.

A RIDE OF REVENGE

Anne Brooks, '49

"This is the place, boss."

Elmer Rumrill fingered the telegram and glanced nervously from it to the big, frowning man at the wheel, timidly awaiting the boss's reaction.

The massive green horse van swung into an overgrown cart road, passed the weather-beaten remains of a little farmhouse, and slowed to a stop before a barn, long out of use and closed tightly to all would-be intruders.

Dan Wiley snatched the telegram from his cowering companion and once more scanned its mysterious contents:

"GET HORSE AND STABLE-BOY OCTOBER 13 AT OWL HILL FARM NEW HAMPSHIRE STOP RECEIVE DIRECTIONS FROM THERE STOP THIS WILL PAY YOU WELL."

"No signature, no nothing," grumbled Dan Wiley, his fleshy face trying to look angry, but only managing to draw the eyebrows farther down over a pair of tired, bloodshot eyes. "We ain't going far tonight. I been driving this blooming truck since eight this morning," he added, pouting to himself. "Git out and see what's up, why don't you!" he ordered Rumrill.

At this moment a step echoed within the barn, and the unwieldy door swung slowly open. The interior seemed vast in the gathering darkness and was further obscured by the dusty atmosphere which had risen from a pile of stale hay in the far corner. In the middle of the place a figure could be seen holding a tall, powerful horse. As it started slowly forward and emerged into the open, the two men perceived a man of youthful build; but the strangely wrinkled, white face, pierced by hollow eyes, stared vacantly at them. The horse was a

beautiful animal of racing type with a peculiar, soft, grey coat and a tail of white silk, carried proudly.

Elmer Rumrill scurried back to let down the ramp of the van, while Dan got down heavily and approached the pair, blinking self-consciously.

"Put your horse in the front stall and tie him good," he muttered sullenly, appraising the horse. "Then tell me where you want to go."

Wiley drew back as they passed him, not five feet away. That odor, that awful aroma which wafted past him! His weak, round jaw quivered with repulsion and then fear as a muffled hollow voice sounded forth from nowhere. "Go right on the highway." Nothing else, just those words.

It took the dazed man a few moments to stumble back to the seat behind the wheel. He saw with some relief that Elmer had taken care of the pair. The little man was back in the front seat ready to start his endless stream of chatter, for he saw that the boss was momentarily shaken from his high horse which he usually maintained toward his henchman.

A strong, wet wind had blown up as the big van again roared on to the road, and a downpour was inevitable. The night was dark and raw, and the wind made weird noises through the open side windows and the barred one in back. The headlights made dancing demons out of the shadows of the thick forest of scrubby trees along the road, and then left a black wall spiked here and there with a lonely pine tree. The men wished for the bright lights of the highway.

Dan glanced sideways after a while to reassure himself of his servant's support. The little man looked pleased at this callous attention. He quickly took his cue and, raising his bushy black eyebrows, he said consolingly, "Don't worry,

Dan. It must be his brother — I know he had one — and he prob'ly got dis horse to go wit that other plug."

"What are you talking about?" Wiley turned, his eyes glowing dangerously at the insinuation.

"Why, didn't you notice?" Rumrill was undaunted. "They look just like that amateur and his nag; ten years ago it was. Thought they could win when we had it fixed they couldn't. Heh! Don't you remember, boss? The dope got 'em at the brook jump. What a mess! An' they had to shoot the horse on the spot. . . . Hey, whassa matter? Lemme go!"

Wiley's hammy hand had grabbed one spindly arm and commenced to twist it violently. "Shut up! Do you hear?" he whispered hoarsely. "You idiot with your incessant chatter. Always gossiping like a woman, you are. I've a mind to put you back there to suffocate in the smell. Like a grave, ha, a moving grave!"

The words came out in a stream from the livid purple face, increasing in volume to a shout of panic. Then, unwillingly, the protruding eyes turned toward the back window from the panting figure crouched in the corner. The face! It was in the window! An expression of hate gleamed in its horrible eyes, and then a smile of satisfaction spread over it.

"Watch, boss! The rock, the cliff!"

It was too late. A screech rent the night and a splintering of wood. The truck hurtled down the rocks turning over and over. Then there was a thud and all was quiet.

The rain came in drops, in torrents. Far below the road at the right a solitary light could be seen, a mere pin-prick in the yawning abyss. It flickered and faded into the blackness.

The police were puzzled when they came to their gruesome task. The mangled wreck was inspected carefully, and from the ruin were finally exhumed the bodies of two men, notorious in the racing rackets. It was later that they made out the crumbling bones of a boy and a horse buried for at least ten years.



THE ORDEAL

Elizabeth Carnahan, '49

The big day arrives. And how you did work to get that certain girl even to know you existed. In school you felt like part of the wall. How could any one with such beautiful eyes be so blind? Then in lunch you practically spilled a bottle of milk down her back and still she didn't even look at you, so you decided on drastic measures known to the local Joes as plan K745. It never fails. On Tuesday afternoon promptly at 2:15 you situated yourself at the top of the stairs leading to freedom (the door). And at exactly 2:18 and one-quarter the objective was sighted — Lorain. Gee, she looked cute and dumb. Oh, not exactly dumb, but sort of foggy like she was a thousand miles away in China or some other distant place. "Well, here goes," you said, and with grim determination and a heart beating like a telegraph set, you started.

It all happened so suddenly, but you never think about it without your knees turning to gum drops. You had used the old shoulder tackle that Frostie, the coach, had taught you for football. Bang! There you were practically sitting on Lorain and she wasn't in China any longer, nor were the words she said Chinese! You had tried to make some explanation, you even helped her collect her books. And what did she say but, "Thank you,

Mr. Emerson!" But at least she knew that you existed then.

Wednesday she even looked at you. Of course it wasn't exactly the look of a love bird, more like an ice-cube, but the fact remains she did look at you.

Thursday you didn't see her until last period study when someone tripped you as you started down the aisle. You fell flat on your face and the whole class was laughing at you. When you looked up, there were those big blue eyes laughing, too. Imagine, she was laughing, but darn it, it was at you.

Friday, fate was on your side. You had been sitting in the outer office waiting to check up with Mr. Ryan about entrance to M. I. T. and who should float in but Lorain. She passed you over with a smile and sat down, picked up a magazine from the table and began turning pages. Silence may be golden, but money is the root of all evil. "Nice day . . . I mean for ducks," you said, looking out at the rain. And then a voice was heard, a beautiful voice, "Yes, and it makes the weekend look so dull, don't you think?"

If ever an opening had been made this was it.

"Oh, not so dull," you managed to choke out.

"What ever could you do on a weekend like this?" she said looking very helpless.

"Well, how about letting me show you? We could go dancing Saturday night."

"I think that would be such fun." She seemed very pleased.

The interview with Mr. Ryan was a haze. What he said just didn't seem to matter now.

And then it was Saturday. The big day had arrived and only six hours, thirty-two and one-half minutes to go. Dad was letting you have the car, your blue gabardine suit was just back from the cleaners, and there were now only six hours and twenty-seven minutes to go.

The car may not have been a '48 Cadillac, but you shined and cleaned it until a Cadillac would have looked shabby beside it. After supper you started the s'habiller, leaving out nothing.

But what of our fair damsel who has so completely captured the heart of our football hero? She looks anything but fair now. Some sort of black stuff is all over her face and her hair is all done up. She has on some baggy overalls and a shirt that must have belonged to Paul Bunyan. And what is our ah, shall we say, delayed beauty thinking? "Gee, just think, *me* going with George Waldo Emerson the third! What a strictly gorgeous hunk of man!"

And so time passes, our hero carefully shining his shoes, literally covering his face with shaving lotion, and telling himself what a lucky guy he is, while Lorain is putting on her face, combing her hair, and wondering how she snagged that handsome George Emerson.

Promptly at 7:48 the light blue Chrysler backed out of number 505 Harrison, narrowly missing a tree, and headed for 28 Vine Street. The door was opened by a miserly looking man, who was, of course, Lorain's father. You shook hands with him, muttered something about your name being George Emerson, and sat down to wait. First came Lorain's mother, a small quiet woman with very searching eyes. Then a golden light seemed to flood the whole room, for there standing in the doorway was Lorain — Lorain with long blonde hair, in a green dress and little silver dancing slippers.

You muttered "Hello" and even managed to say how lovely she looked, and then the ordeal was over. From then on it was going to be fun. But perhaps you are optimistic enough to think it isn't an ordeal? Try it and see for yourself!

HE WHO WORKS HARD GETS JUST THAT

Kenneth Puleston, '50

This is the story of Dillingham Doodle. When Dillingham was a young boy, he was the biggest apple-polisher in school. Every morning Dillingham would hop on his Wheezer and hurry to give his favorite teacher a ride to school. He spent all his free periods with him and then would take him home, work around his house, and do his shopping. After graduation with high honors, he worked all summer for his teacher, raking and mowing his lawn and running errands on his Wheezer. In the fall Dillingham went to Suffering University in the little town of Gravy-on-the-Vest with his brand-new apple-polishing outfit. After four years of working for his favorite prof, Dillingham was graduated, with highest honors, of course.

Dillingham was hired as an office boy in a large firm. In this office there was another fellow, Bartholemew Barnsether, who had just barely gotten through high school and had gone to college on his athletic ability.

Dillingham found out one day that his boss was weak on mathematics. Bartholemew found this out at the same time, but he did just what he usually did about something, nothing. Dillingham, on the other hand, studied up on his math until he could make most public accountants look sick.

One day when both Bartholemew and Dillingham were in the boss's office, a big government contract came in and there was some quick figuring to be done.

The boss asked Bartholemew if he could do it, but Bartholemew said he had to take out pencil and paper to figure how many men were playing a clarinet solo.

Dillingham jumped up eagerly and said, "Boss, sir, I'll do that for you."

"Thank you, my boy" replied the boss, "and, so you won't be dis-

turbed, Barnsether and I shall go play a round of golf."

The very next week there was a vacancy for Vice-President. The boss promptly chose Barnsether as a fellow with the same chronic ailments, math, and approach shots. Poor Dillingham now does all the math for both of them.

The moral of this story is: He who works hard and is always apple-polishing will get just that, hard work.



THE DONKEY AND THE ELEPHANT

Donald Pinkham, '49

A donkey and an elephant once met
across the sea,
Where they were all alone, and
everything was free,
Now over there the land was green
and all was fresh and nice,
The donkey shook the elephant's
hand and gave him good advice.

The elephant in turn was kind, and
thus their friendship grew.
It seemed 't would take a miracle
to separate the two,
But then a strange thing happened
to end this amity;
The two were caught and sent away,
back across the sea.

The Democrats took the donkey
and told him tales of woe,
They said the elephant was mean
and would tread upon his toe.
The Republicans took the elephant
and filled his ears with lies,
They told him that the donkey
would punch him in the eyes.

Now ever since, these poor dumb
beasts have fought with tooth
and nail,
And each four years two parties
vote to see who's by the tail.
The moral to this story's short, oh,
friend, I hope it sticks:
To keep your friends and stay in
health, don't enter politics.

HIBERNATION

Patricia Leahy, '49

The earth is huddled 'neath the
cool white blanket of snow,
Slumbering peacefully, rising now
and then
To turn and stretch.
But waiting, waiting for Spring's
Warm hand to come,
And gently pull back the cover,
That the world may reveal
In bright summer's sun.



JANIE AND THE FRENCHMAN

Nancy Hanion, '49

Jean-Pierre!

Janie was thrilled when Mme. Rousseau, the French teacher, handed her the small slip of paper with his name typewritten on it. Jean-Pierre Alessandra! How romantic it sounded! She tried to speak his name through her nose the way Madame did, but did not achieve quite the same sound.

Janie had chosen Jean-Pierre from a list of names of young French girls and boys. Each pupil in Mme. Rousseau's class was going to correspond with an "élève" across the world in France. However, Jane's correspondent lived in Algiers, which seemed far more intriguing to her. She had once seen a movie which was set in that city. There were spy-rings, smuggling, and much love-making in the movie. She was sure Jean-Pierre must be as fascinating as Algiers, and just as mysterious. She rolled her eyes and blew a kiss in what, she thought, was the general direction of Algiers. Janie took great care over her first letter to Jean-Pierre. She wrote in her best second-year French.

"Cher Jean-Pierre," she started.

"Je m'appelle Janie Anderson. J'ai seize ans." No, that was awful—too stiff, Jane decided and started on another piece of her best stationery.

"Bonjour, Jean-Pierre!"

"Je suis votre amie Americaine, Jane Anderson. J'ai seize ans; quel age avez-vous?" Ah! That was fine! Janie was pleased with the careless, nonchalant vein of her second copy. She finally finished the letter after an hour's earnest thought, sealed it, and mailed it.

Weeks went by and she thought that the letter had become lost, that Jean-Pierre had moved maybe, or, worst of all, that her letter had bored him and he was not interested enough to answer. For a while she wondered and worried, but soon she forgot Jean-Pierre. Her days were busy, and she had no time to think of her letter and its recipient.

One day in mid-winter Janie came whizzing into the Anderson house with red cheeks and a redder nose, from running. "Where's the letter, where is it?" she gasped breathlessly. She had been informed by the mail-man on her way home that a letter had come for her from Algiers.

Suzy, Jane's little sister, scampered into the living-room, where Janie was tracking snow all over the rug.

"I thought I'd better hold it till you got home to thee it," she lisped, handing the letter carefully to her older sister. "C'n I have the thtamp on the envelope?"

"We'll see, we'll see, little one," Jane cried, dashing off with her letter to read it in privacy. She fled to her bedroom, settled herself comfortably on the bed and began opening the envelope with trembling fingers. "I hope he's not a Communist," she thought suddenly in horror and quickly unfolded the letter.

"Chère Janie," it began. Jane sighed with pleasure. "J'étais heureuse de recevoir votre lettre d'Amérique."

How beautifully he wrote! The neat, flowery writing was small and

pretty, not like any boy's penmanship she had ever seen.

Janie read the letter eagerly, understanding very little, but making free translations. Jean-Pierre's favorite sport was "la bicyclette." Janie could see his lean figure whizzing along the picturesque countryside, his long, slender, artistic hands gripping the handle-bars. The more she read, the more infatuated she became with Jean-Pierre. When dinner was ready, she went downstairs holding her letter lovingly.

"What did it say?" Suzy inquired when Janie drifted dreamily into the dining room. "C'm on and read it to uth!" Suzy was bursting with curiosity.

"Not you, you're too young!" Janie flashed a "wait-till-you're older" look at poor Suzy. "But Dad may read it."

Dad looked up to see what great privilege Jane was bestowing on him.

"Here, dad," said Janie, "there are a few parts I don't understand that you could translate for me." Mr. Anderson winked at her and began to read the letter to himself, grunting every once in a while and looking up at Janie's expectant face.

"Chère Janie!" he said and laughed. "It seems your friend may come to visit his 'oncle' next summer in America. He would like to stop by and see you in person!"

From then on Janie was in a dither. She wrote back to Jean-Pierre urging him to come to America, telling him how anxious she was to see him. He wrote her a lovely letter in return, thanking her for her "aimable invitation."

After many more months of exchanging letters, summer arrived at last. Janie was beside herself with nervousness and excitement. July twentieth was the day that Jean-Pierre was to come to Westmore to visit the Andersons. Jane was ready a week ahead of time. Her mother had consented to a new dress, pink organdy with a fitted bodice and a billowy gathered skirt. There was dainty white lace around

the neckline and on the small puffed sleeves.

Janie felt as if she were dreaming when she finally found herself waiting at Westmore Junction on that beautiful afternoon of July twentieth. Her blonde hair was curled loosely and tied with a pink ribbon. She wore her new pink dress and new white slippers. She stood on the edge of the platform, staring anxiously down the track.

Finally the train appeared in the distance. Janie froze with fear and joy and expectation. Soon she would see her Jean-Pierre, and they could talk of the many things they had left unsaid in their letters. Her heart thumped furiously, the train slowed to a stop, the doors swung open, and a round, fat little boy waddled down the steps to the platform. He grinned toothily and hurried over to the stupefied Janie. "Allo! Vous-vous êtes Jahnie?" Behind Jean-Pierre bustled his nurse in a plain black dress. She beamed sweetly at Janie.

Jane's face screwed up painfully. "I'm very happy to meet you," she croaked lamely, taking his chubby little hand in hers. Then she managed a little sad smile. "Do come to the house for a while," she wavered through quivering lips. "My sister Suzy is simply dying to meet you!"



THE BATTLE

Patricia Morton, '49

Excitement made her prance.
Young, craving experience,
The thought of conquest
Made her eyes strain,
Her ears perk forward.
The battle was near at hand.
Steadily inching forward,
Seemingly held back by taut reins,
Back stiffly arched
Tail flung straight and high
The fluffy kitten
Charged the vicious inch worm
Like a valiant war horse side-
stepping.

WOMEN DRIVERS

or

HOW TO LOSE YOUR CAR OR LIFE IN ONE EASY LESSON

Norman Stockel, '49

The subject of women drivers, like the "New Look," has caused many heated debates and has probably broken up some wonderful friendships. Take it from me. Don't get into an argument with your best girl on this subject.

There are many different types of women drivers — the conversationalists, the fashion experts, the thinkers, the sightseers, the garage door haters, the hand signalers and the drivers, though the drivers, like the buffalo, are becoming extinct.

The first I will take up is the conversationalist. She is like the hostess at a party. She tries to keep things going. Even though she may be driving fifty miles an hour down the road, inside the car it is something like this — "Oh, Mabel, now don't breathe a word of this, but the other night John Jones, you know, the nice young man who just got married, well, he went down to another girl's house the other night — what's that? How do I know? I got it straight from Joan, who got it straight from Helen, who lives next door to the girl." All this time the driver is politely looking at Mabel. You can probably guess what will happen.

Next we run into, sometimes actually, the fashion expert. There are two groups of fashion experts — the wearers and the lookers. The wearer is the woman who is dressed to kill. Sometimes her dress causes her to do just that. She always has on the latest creations. Sometimes it's a tight skirt that hampers her leg action when she tries to put on the brake or push in the clutch. Other times it may be a new hat —

one that fits over one eye or has too much veil. No matter which it is, it can mean trouble. The lookers do just what the name implies. They are always looking at what the pedestrians are wearing. I don't know whether or not they are trying to pick out the one to run over, but sooner or later they do hit somebody. The worst part about the lookers is that they operate in towns and cities where there are lots of people.

In the next group we find the sightseers. The only good thing that can be said for these women is that they operate mostly in the country. They drive along through the country gazing at the scenery. Once in a while they turn their eyes on the road, but in between these occasional glances at the road, they either run off the road or they "clip" someone coming the other way. Either way someone is liable to get hurt. If they are lucky enough to get out of it without hurting someone, the car is damaged. Either way they lose.

The next is a group that has been honored by many cartoonists for many years. They are the garage door haters. I don't know what the trouble is with this group. Whether it's the kind and style of women's clothes that prevents them from watching where they are backing, or just what it is, is something I couldn't say. Anyway, they have a habit of backing gently out of the garage and very cleverly taking one of the garage doors with them. After this has happened a few times, something like this occurs — the scene is the living-room after the evening meal. The wife speaks:

"John, do you love me?"

"Yes, dear."

"Would you do anything for me?"

"Yes, dear."

"Will you buy me an overhead door for the garage?"

The husband now begins to take notice of what she is saying.

"Yes, dear — What do you want one of those for? We have two perfectly good swinging doors on the garage now."

"We had two. You see I took the car out today."

To be kind to the institution of marriage I won't continue this.

This next group has a great many members. They are the thinkers. At one time or another everyone has met a thinker. When she gets into a crowded street or encounters a stop sign or light, she has to stop and think. She'll sit there wondering what to do next. She doesn't know whether to go to the bakery, the grocery, or to the drug store to get a soda. While she is thinking, she is holding up traffic. Although she is in the wrong, she gets very disturbed when anyone tries to ask her to move. All I can say is "Go West, Lady Driver, go West. The California drivers are looking for some new competition."

If by any chance you have escaped the other groups, here is one you can't possibly miss. This well-known group is the hand-signalers. You probably all have heard the joke about this group. It seems that a woman driver was traveling down a road with her left hand out the window. She wasn't going fast, but the cars behind her didn't dare pass her because they didn't know

when she was going to turn. A policeman finally stopped her and asked her what the trouble was. Why didn't she turn? To this the lady answered, very indignantly, that she was holding her hand out the window so she could dry her nail polish. This may be sort of exaggerated, but it tells the story. You can almost count on a lady to turn left every time she signals right and vice versa.

We now come to the end of the list — the good woman driver. She is the kind of person that gets the job of driving for the American Red Cross, etc. I couldn't say enough about her to do her justice, so I won't say anything.

You may think from the way I write that women are the only people who don't know how to drive. If you did get that impression, you have me all wrong. I will be one of the first to admit that there are some bad men drivers, but I do think that for the number of women driving, the ratio of bad to good drivers is greater for women than for men.



HAPPINESS

Patricia Cate, '49

You say you'll wait,
True happiness is not on earth.
I say I'll find it here,
In a friendly smile,
A blade of grass,
A helping hand,
A crispy night,
The quiet after tears.
If you'd but look,
You'd find the day too short,
Too brief an hour
To hold all happiness.
But you will wait, and tread your
weary way,
Each day alike.
And I'll go on savoring every
moment,
Finding nothing too small to please.

LITTLE BLACK MAN

Jean Powderly, '49

A dark and brooding little man
With folded arms and sullen face
Sits sulking in the corner.
Not a word he says for hours on
end,
Then suddenly
Lets loose his wrath
And screams till someone comes to
him.
He knows so much but can tell
nothing,
For his lips are sealed,
And he must sit and watch and
wait.
I envy not the life our telephone
must lead.



TURNING THIRTEEN

Patricia Leahy, '49

When a girl begins to plan just
what to wear,
And gaze at boys with starlight in
her eyes,
And giggle all the time and utter
sighs, —
Discuss her dates and how to fix
her hair;
When life has not a bother, not a
care,
Each day is some new frolic, some
surprise —
She's just turned thirteen and is
now to rise
And take her place, the grown-up
world to share.

For every girl looks forward to the
day
When she can cast aside her dolls
and toys;
She may be in the age called "in-
between,"
But she is growing up in every way,
Developing new interests, hopes
and joys;
She's really come to life when she's
thirteen.

KITCHEN GADGET, AGED 16

Janet Cocker, '49

Although the savages found eat-
ing with their hands satisfactory,
in our civilized world, we don't. We
use a utensil called a dish which is
not to be confused with the noun
"dish" referring to an attractive
girl.

Due to the fact that we use
dishes, they have to be washed. In
regard to this matter of dishwash-
ing there are two types of people:
those who avoid washing them, if
possible, and those who loathe
washing them but whom we fre-
quently see doing it.

It is a well-known fact that in
this country of ours dishwashing
machines are used extensively. The
most common type of dishwashing
machine is about sixteen years old
and wears a white apron! This ma-
chine is often heard making peculiar
noises such as, "Aw gee, Mom, do I
have to do the dishes? I've got
enough homework to keep me up
all night, and you wouldn't want
that, would you?"

It can plainly be seen by anyone
that dishwashing has been a mo-
tivating force in the world. Those
whose motto is "Eat, drink, and be
merry" never stop to think of all
the dirty dishes and wine goblets
that will have to be washed. They
probably never washed a dish in
their lives or, I'm sure, their motto
would be "Loaf, sleep, and be
happy."

Now don't get me wrong; dishes
are very useful. Not only do people
eat from them, but many motion
picture theaters give them away, in
order to attract people to see a very
dull picture. In addition to all this
it's great sport to break them.

At some time or other you prob-
ably have heard people called
"pigs." Well, to me they are not
"pigs" at all; they're only trying to
help the dishwasher. Rarely do
they leave a scrap on their plates,

to float around on the top of the dishwater like a boat, nor is there anything left to be put in the garbage.

Actually, dishwashing can be very simple. First, I finish my meal. Second, I relax in the most comfortable chair I can find, until I catch the evil look in my mother's eye. Third, I rise from the chair to look the situation over and conclude that there are really only a few dishes to be done anyway. On the table are what seem to be about six hundred plates, five hundred cups and saucers, one thousand pieces of silverware and one glass left from the noon dishes, that someone had forgotten to wash. Placing a few hundred of the previously mentioned dishes on top of one another, I am finally ready to stagger to the kitchen sink.

It always seems quite amusing to me that of all places to leave a banana peel little sister picks the floor in front of the sink. While arising from the debris of broken glass and silverware, it occurs to me that I should speak to sister about this matter sometime in the near future.

Next I start to pour the soap into the dish pan, when I am suddenly taken with a severe attack of the sneezes. This lasts about ten minutes; two hours later, having answered the doorbell twice and the telephone three times, I am finally beginning to wash the last hundred pieces of silverware. By this time I am firmly convinced that I will never eat again, at least, not until breakfast.



A GIRL'S APPRECIATION

Norma Contanelli, '49

Last year and all the years before last year, I, as well as all the other girls, would come to the football games in our rather clean dungarees, rolled up to the knees, a sweat shirt, a pair of bobby sox and loafers, ready for the big game.

At the first quarter things looked pretty much the same; I mean, as far as our clothes were concerned. At the end of the half we might be a little muddy if we weren't sitting on blankets. I almost lost a shoe in the mud a couple of times; but what-the-heck, it's a football game and you're expected to get a little dirty. By the time the game was over I looked like a wet blanket drowned in mud.

When I reached home, I tramped into the house excited with the news that Needham had won. Before I knew it, I was tramping out again. Poor me, this went on for a lot of Saturdays in the past years.

Now my mother hasn't any more worries. On September 19, 1948, when the town put up "those beautiful green bleachers," many pupils, as well as parents, including mine, said how happy the new addition has made them.

Now when I go to the games in my rather clean dungarees rolled up to the knees, my sweat shirt, loafers and bobby sox, I can count on coming home clean.

Bleachers, we all love ya ! ! !



THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Haig Der Marderosian, '49

Picking cherries is no fun,
When you pick all day and don't
eat none.

Gaining weight is easy, true,
But to lose it again is hard to do.

Doing your job and wearing a smile,
You'll always find makes life worth
while.

Reading a book without your mind,
Resembles a runner that lags be-
hind.

Keep your head when the chips are
down;
It's weakness to fret or wear a
frown.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Mary Jean Page, '49

I'm not alone as on my bed I lie.
The rain, with gentle touch against
the window pane,
Greets me.
Transparent, iridescent drops speak
Of firmaments afar,
And whispering softly, as they fall,
Dull my body's pain and ease my
tired mind.

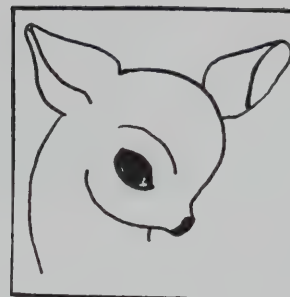
Within the house I hear the drone
of human voices
Rising, falling, pausing, rushing,
calling, singing,
Spreading laughter, friendship, love;
Pain forgotten, I share two worlds,
One within these man-made walls,
and
One outside with God's infinity.

But ah, I hear a rush of words; and
voices raised
Betray a strong emotion — human
wrath.
A gust of wind rattles the window.
The raindrops beat against the
glass.
Now both my worlds respond to
stimuli
I do not understand.
And I must wait. Wait for the
whisper of the rain.

Wait for the sound of love and
warmth.
But while I wait, I feel the pain
again!



THEY SAY



CHEERLEADERS

"Hip hip, let's go!"

The cheerleaders are on the job again as usual, cheering the team on to victory!?? This season the new bleachers helped to gather the rooters and make the cheers more effective.

Mr. Houghton came up this year with a new idea of electing the cheerleaders. This new way gave everybody a chance. It also eliminated cliques and gave an opportunity for some to display amazing ability which had been hidden before. The idea was to choose separately five Seniors, three Juniors, and two Sophomores. Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors were requested to prepare one old cheer and one new cheer to present individually in the auditorium after school. About fifty or sixty enthusiastic students showed up to display their talents, along with several of their friends to cheer them on and keep up their morale. Mr. Houghton, Miss Carroll, Mr. Small, Mr. Claxton, and Mr. Pelletier, who were the judges, had a tough time deciding who the winners should be. However they finally came up with ten pretty snappy rooters. The Seniors were Norma Pfeifer (captain), Betty Hersey, Mary Alice Carre, Ann McGeary, and Carol Price, a peppy newcomer from Braintree. The Juniors that were chosen were Ann Hartwell, Barbara Girrior, and our lone wolf, Tony Manzon. The Sophomores were Nancy Rhynd and Nancy Baker.

We had one cheerleader back from last year who showed the newcomers how to get into the swing

of things. That was little Jane Girrior, the six-year-old mascot of the cheerers. She wasn't at all the games, but at those she did attend, she cheered like a real veteran.

Instead of the usual navy skirts and white sweaters the cheerleaders had a little variety this year. Blue dickies, white sweaters, blue N's and navy skirts alternated with white dickies, navy sweaters, blue N's and navy skirts. Of course everyone had the traditional white socks and sneakers. Tony wore the regular white ducks and sweater with a blue N.

Although not actually elected as a member of the cheering squad, Ed Costa helped the team on several occasions. After all, one male can't stand up against a flock of females without some support!

All in all we're pretty proud of our swell bunch of cheerleaders. They've yelled through thick and thin and have really earned whole-hearted support. There were very few towns, whether they had a winning or losing team, that got as big a turn-out as Needham. You really kept up the good work all season, cheerleaders, and kept that school spirit alive for LeRoy and the boys.

* * *

THE HALLOWE'EN HOP

The Recreation Commission allotted to the Canteen Council a very generous sum of money with which to carry on a Hallowe'en Dance this year. Volunteers served on the various committees, and really worked hard with a highly successful dance resulting.

The chaperon committee, Jean Carre, Chairman, and Joan Leonard secured two couples who kept things under control during the evening.

The refreshment committee, Phil Christophe, Chairman, Ed. Sussenguth, Lillian Salamone, Mary Jean Page and Ed Byrnes served doughnuts and cider, which were received most enthusiastically.

The orchestra committee, Jack Carlson, Chairman, Ed Byrnes, and Gig Young hired the Collegians from Natick, who supplied out-of-this-world music.

The decoration committee, Jean Carre, Chairman, Janet Binney, Julie Clarenback, Jean Shepherdson, Meredith Steere, and Karin Kavanagh set the mood with black and orange streamers, graveyards, and black cats to adorn the gym.

The large attendance proved what a fine job had been done by publicity committee, Meredith Steere, Janet Binney, Joanna Bullard, and Julie Clarenback.

* * *

THE BLEACHERS

At last our long awaited bleachers are here and even standing! They are certainly a wonderful addition to our beautiful School hill. Not many people are sitting on the cold, damp ground at games anymore.

Now the band sure looks handsome sitting as well as marching. No matter where you sit you get a good view of the field and the opposing team also, an advantage which seems important to everyone. We all want to express our hearty appreciation to the town of Needham, and especially to the trustees of Memorial Park, for this wonderful gift.

CORRIDOR CHATTER

WHAT IS YOUR OPINION OF THE NEW SYSTEM FOR CHOOSING THE CHEER-LEADERS?

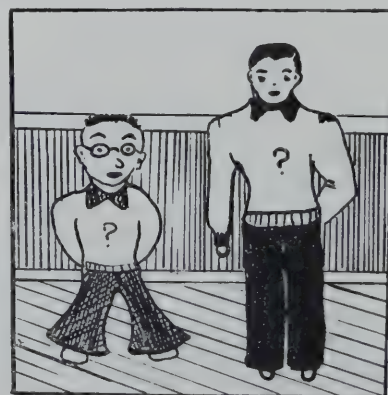
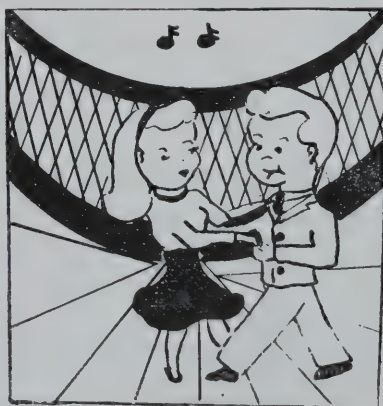
Ann McGeary — "I like it."
 John Lassen — "It ought to be a class vote."
 Norma Dawson — "It's not fair to the Seniors."
 Tony Manzon — "Don't talk that way about the sport I love."
 Nancy Hanlon — "The idea was good but —."
 Joanna Bullard — "I don't dare open my mouth."
 Paul Tomaino — "For the birds."
 Jack Carlson — "I think it's pretty sensational for the coaches."
 Phyllis Bridgman — "Good, but it takes courage."
 Jack Durham — "I think it's odoriferous."
 Marilyn Gray — "It stinks."

WHAT IS YOUR FRIDAY NIGHT OCCUPATION?

John Lassen — "Baby Sitting."
 Nancy O'Donnell — "Going to the movies."
 Audrey Anderson — "It varies."
 Jack Carlson — "Down Houghtie's eating pizza."
 Ed Tocci — "Loving."
 Paul Tomaino — "Going hunting."
 Mary Ellis — "Blair."
 Bob Huden — "Big Deal."
 Nils Larson — "Movies—Me, myself, and I."
 Pat Greene — "Men."
 Myrna Perry — "Getting home on time."
 Phil Whiting — "Holding down the back seat."
 Bill Schleicher — "She's at college."
 Mary Ann Bowlby — "Making out with my dog."
 Betty Hersey — "It depends on who's around."
 Tony Manzon — "Not enough girls in Needham."
 Carol Price — "You'd be surprised."
 Bob Schnelle — "Homework."
 Barb. McClellan — "Writing letters."
 Eleanor McEvoy — "Hitting the text — (ha ha!)"

HOW DO NEEDHAM BOYS COMPARE WITH OUT-OF-TOWN BOYS?

Merilyn Downs — "Norwich boys are better."
 Blanche Morell — "I love 'em all!"
 Norma Williamson — "Need I say?"
 Jean Carre — "I don't know any out-of-town boys worth comparing."
 Rosemary Rohmer — "That's for me to know and you to find out!"
 Joanna Bullard — "You can watch Needham boys more closely."
 Joanie Grieve — "Me?—I like the out-of-town ones."
 Nancy Theilig — "Some are too fast and some are too slow."
 Janet Pike — "I wouldn't know."
 Jean Rohmer — "Say!"
 Barbara Grinspoon — "Take Newton for instance! — Wow!"
 Linda Heald — "I'm speechless."
 Joan Teel — "They don't."



WHAT DO YOU THINK OF SCHOOL SPIRIT?

- Judy Knapp — "What school spirit?"
- Norma Dawson — "What do *you* think of it?"
- Jean Carre — "Any change would be an improvement."
- Dick Stewart — "No comment."
- Maralyn Walton — "Feeling mighty low."
- Jack Carlson — "It's good on Saturdays."
- Donald "Snowball" White — "There isn't any."
- Bea Kirkpatrick — "Not spunky enough."
- Eleanor Pauling — "I'd hate to say."
- Audrey Anderson — "It's good when Leroy gets after us."
- Dave Dougdale — "If it's anything like mine, it's lousy."
- Marilyn Gray — "The girls have a lot; the boys don't care."
- Charlotte Grieve — "My brains are blank."
- Carol Fader — "More spirit at out-of-town-games."
- Ann Hartwell — "The boys have enough spirit, but do they have enough *school* spirit?"
- Priscilla Parker — "Good — if there was some."
- Betsy Carnahan — "I don't believe in spirits."
- Bibi Maruri — "Fine. I like it."

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF DETENTION?

- Nancy Hanlon — "It's just like home to me!"
- Peggy McDaniels — "Same old gang's in there every night."
- Joyce Lembree — "Depends on who the teacher is."
- Eleanor Pauling — "It's like a party."
- Anne Mahan — "At least it's some place to go after school."
- Richard Lomas — "The teachers that give the hours ought to stay, too."
- Ethel Kaye — "When Mr. Curtin's there, I'd like to stay all week."
- Phil Christophe — "They ought to to equip it with Slumberland Mattresses."
- Pat Leahy — "I'm there so often I *should* have an idea."
- Lucy Marderosian — "At least you get your homework done."
- Donald Pinkham — "I don't see much of it."
- Priscilla Parker — "Being a good girl, I've never been there."
- John Kennedy — "I don't like to think of it."
- Eleanor McEvoy — "Good if there were no teachers."
- Haig Marderosian — "Little too stern."
- Willis Merrill — "Refuse to comment."
- Denis Ricciardelli — "Good place to get homework done."
- Phil Claxton — "Good for the bad ones."

HOW DO YOU THINK NEED- HAM GIRLS COMPARE WITH OUT-OF-TOWN GIRLS?

- Dick Stewart — "I don't think."
- Steve Eaton — "It all depends on the way you look at it."
- Bob Huden — "Love them gals!"
- Bill Schleicher — "Don't get around much any more."
- Phil Christophe — "Come back in a minute, and I'll give you a really sensational answer."
- Dick Shields — "I like the Wellesley girls best."
- Jack Durham — "I indulge in both."
- Larry O'Neil — "What do you care what I think?"
- Fred Newey — "They have nothing on out-of-town girls."
- Norman Stockel — "Let me out of Needham — quick!"
- John Stenson — "Some are hot and some are cold."
- Edmund Tocci — "Some are good — some are bad, some I wish I really had."
- Roy Haskell — "Wow!"
- Tony Manzon — "Who, me? Ha-Ha."
- Warren Rohmer — "There's a big, big difference."
- Roger Saunders — "I don't go out of town enough."
- Phil Gilmore — "I've got an answer, but you wouldn't want it."



NEWCOMERS

Greetings to all the new sophomores who are up here on the hill for the first time, and a special welcome to those students who have recently moved to Needham.

Seniors

Dick Fales
Needham, Massachusetts
Nancy Horn
Roslindale, Massachusetts
Carol Price
Braintree, Massachusetts
William Schleicher
Veteran, Dedham, Massachusetts

Juniors

Patricia Greene
New Rochelle, New York
Barbara Monson
Dorchester, Massachusetts
Joseph Dasha
Quincy, Massachusetts

Sophomores

Margaret Dasha
Quincy, Massachusetts
Raymond Dirk
Indianapolis, Indiana
Ruth Gattozzi
Belmont, Massachusetts
Eleanor Killarney
South Boston, Massachusetts
Bibi Maruri
Equador, South America
Patricia Newsome
Cambridge, Massachusetts
Jack Richwagen
Veteran, Needham, Massachusetts
Albert Smith
Roslindale, Massachusetts
Peter Sothman
Boston, Massachusetts
John Tenhope
Burlington, Vermont
Ted Vaughan
Lake Wales, Florida
George Wales
Newton, Massachusetts
Stephen Wilkey
West Roxbury, Massachusetts

* * *

NEW TEACHER

Mr. Sawyer, Director of our Art department and Supervisor of Art in the elementary schools, is the only new face among the faculty this year. After graduating

from the Massachusetts School of Art in 1942 with a degree in drawing and painting, Mr. Sawyer joined the Army Air Force as an aerial photographer. While in the service he graduated from the Army Air Force School of Photography at Lowry Field, Denver, Colorado. After his discharge he re-entered the Massachusetts School of Art, and earlier this year received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in Education.

* * *

FOOTBALL DANCE

With the school-colored blue and white streamers decking the gym, the students of N. H. S. enjoyed another annual football dance on November 19. As usual it was sponsored by the Student Council. Pat Morton was chairman of refreshments with Lillian Salamone, Dick Eaton and Jim Doody assisting; Mary Jean Page was chairman of decorations with Joanna Bullard, Tony Manzone and Chandler Jones assisting; Nancy Fedel, Rosemary Rohmer, and Lillian Salamone were in charge of publicity. Betty Hersey had charge of contacting the chaperons. Jack Carlson was responsible for securing the orchestra. Members of the S. A. A. were admitted free, and Dedham's football team and cheerleaders were invited as guests. This is a new idea, and it seems like something swell and different. It's the way you meet people and make friends. Dedham reciprocated by inviting our football team and cheerleaders to their football dance on November twenty. It was enjoyed by all who attended.

* * *

'JOE CROW'

One day not long ago we had a strange sort of visitor in Needham High School. This young fellow was quite short beside the most of us. He was, in fact, the color of a piece of charcoal and had a rather long, thin nose. Yes, you guessed it, our distinguished visitor was "Joe Crow."

After hunting madly for his beloved mistress, "Joe" finally found an open window. He flew in and nearly startled all the pupils out of their chairs. He lit on a typewriter and tried, without much success, to write an S. O. S. to Judy. Finding that he needed more than just a thin beak to type with, he flew to another desk where he snatched a couple of bright pencils.

No reports have come in yet as to just where the pencils have been deposited, but a few days ago Judy was overheard saying "Joe" had a beautiful new nest of bright green and yellow.

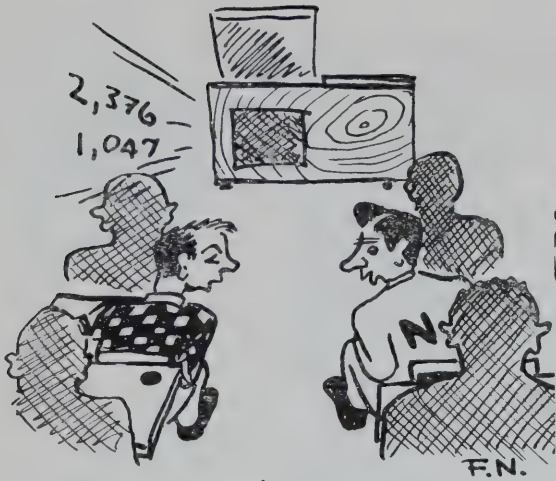
* * *

CAREER DAY

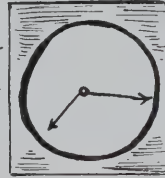
Since Career Day was such a tremendous success last year, the Needham Exchange Club thought it worth while to sponsor another such day this year under the direction of the Guidance Department of the Needham Public Schools.

To the Career Day program a new feature was added this year. A "Parents' Night" session was held in the High School auditorium for the benefit of those parents who wanted to know more about Career Day and how they could help the soon-to-be-graduates choose the career best suited to each individual. The program began with some selections by the N. H. S. band, directed by Mr. Fisher. After Mr. Pollard welcomed the parents, Mr. Cyril N. Angell spoke on the "Meaning and Purpose of Career Day." Following more band selections, Mr. Valdina, Director of Guidance, introduced Mr. Judson R. Butler, Dean at the General College of Boston University, who talked to the parents on "The Role of Guidance in the Modern Curriculum."

All in all the whole Career Day was a great success. No doubt there will continue to be Career Days in the future to help both students and parents.



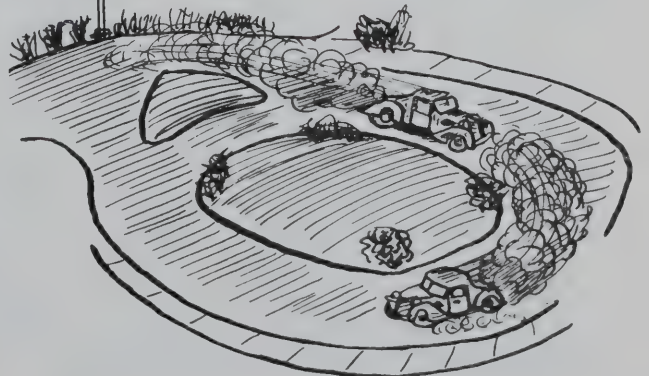
☐ PST! WAS THAT
DEWEY OR TRUMAN?



☐ SORRY, YOU'RE LATE

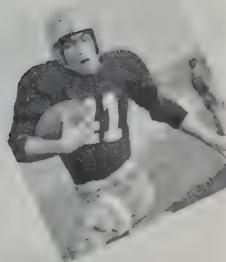
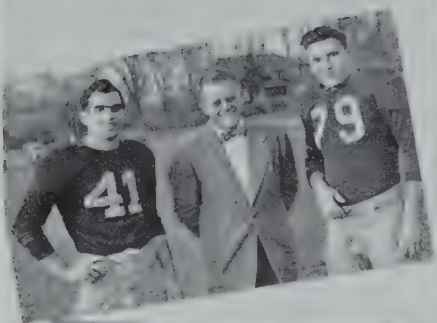


☐ DAVID MEMBER REPORTING FOR REHEARSAL

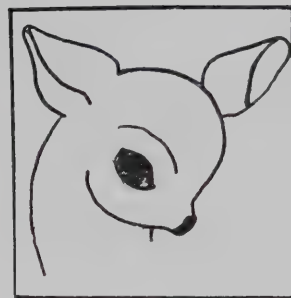


SCHOOL
DAZE

☐ STOCK CAR RACES AT N.H.S.?



FOOTBALL



Hot days and heavy work-outs collaborated to whip the boys into shape for the season's opener at Norwood. Needham took a first half lead, 6-0, on a beautiful pass from Hunt to Dick Kearns, who raced forty yards for a T.D. Hampered by backfield injuries in the second half, the locals were unable to produce a winning combination, and Norwood succeeded in tying the score to complete the scoring of the afternoon. Two Needham stalwarts in the line were Jack Carlson and Hike Marderosian.

A tricky, hard charging Stoughton eleven nipped the Needhamites 7-6, in the first home engagement of the season. Larry Mahoney scored Needham's touchdown and his brilliant play on both offense and defense featured throughout. Again the failure to convert for the extra point proved to be the locals' downfall.

Aided by the three officials, Concord managed to usurp a 6-2 victory from the hands of the determined locals. Carl Parker's stellar interception and run-back set Needham in a position to score. After three successive plays, which appeared to be touchdowns by Whittemore and Mahoney, Concord took over, and a bad pass from Center resulted in the safety. This defeat seemed to undermine the locals' morale.

The Shire Towners roared into town and defeated the locals 19-6.

Needham's lone tally resulted from a twenty-nine yard pass from Hunt to Dick Kearns, who upon gathering it in galloped thirty-five yards to pay dirt. The play of Larry Mahoney, Dick Shields and Joe Cerulo was one bright spot in the blue and white showing.

The injury-riddled Needham team took the field and were completely outclassed by a snappy Natick eleven to the tune of 26-6. Carl Parker, playing his first game at fullback, scampered eighty yards off his own left tackle to register the lone blue and white score in the first period. Hike Marderosian played great ball for the locals.

The following week Needham really exploded and crushed a bewildered Walpole team 39-12. Employing a great running and passing attack, and with great play on the part of the line men, Needham swept up and down the field almost at will! Individual honors go to Charley Hasenfus for 5 interceptions, 2 T.D.'s. and 2 touch-down passes; to Dick Kearns for 2 T.D.'s; and to Roy Haskell and Herbie Brooks for one apiece. Needham got its first extra point, as Jack Carlson thrice split the uprights.

The mighty Framingham Powerhouse proved to be too much entirely for the Needhamites, as they dumped them 33-0. The entire Needham eleven was baffled by Framingham's tricky, elusive offense.

Lady Luck pilfered a victory from the hard-fighting but injury-scourged Needhamites, as Lexington slipped over a 8-6 victory. Larry Mahoney played his heart out, once running 88 yards to a T.D. only to have it called back because of a rule infraction. Carl Parker scored for Needham after a brilliant run by Mahoney. The play of Hike Marderosian and Jim Doody was exceptional.

Back at full strength, Needham pommelled a game Canton team 33-13, with Carl Parker scoring 3 touchdowns through holes opened by Jack Carlson; Haskell and Kearns registered one each. Carlson's right foot again added 3 more points, and again big Hike Marderosian was tremendous on defense, as was the entire Needham line.

Thanksgiving morning the Needham high footballers ended their not too successful season suffering a 13-6 defeat at the hands of the "Red Raiders" of Wellesley. The second quarter saw Wellesley draw first blood with a T.D. with the extra point missing. Needham finally scored after fighting all the way as Larry Mahoney went over his own left tackle. With seven minutes to go, Wellesley, with great spirit went the length of the field to win. The play of co-captains Larry Mahoney and Jack Carlson, as well as that of Dick Shields and Bill Whittemore was outstanding.

Seniors

J. Durham N	F. Costa N
R. Fales N	R. Godfrey N
J. Kearns N	N. Stockel N
W. Rohmer	V. Blake N
E. Tocci N	Mgr. E. Condit N

Juniors

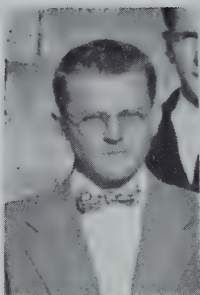
D. Riccardelli	C. Hewitt
M. Jennings	J. Kohr
G. Young N	E. Brown
W. Knowles	G. Terrazino
R. Ardif, Mgr.	R. Tompkins
F. Krech	

Sophomores

A. Graceffa	F. Brandt
C. Barton	P. Claxton
M. Shufro	T. Celucci
R. Thomas	C. Green, Mgr.
C. Jones, Mgr.	

Roy Houghton
Head Coach

"Why don't you guys play
the way I tell you?"



Claire Curtin
Line Coach

"Get your hats, gentlemen."

Joe DePasqua
Backfield Coach

"Heads-up and cover your
man."



Larry Mahoney
Co-Captain
Maha

"Just give me that ball."
Left Halfback

Jack Carlson
Co-Captain
Crusher

The little boy with the
educated toe.

Left-tackle



Dick Kearns
Kearnsie

"Call the end-around, it
will go."

Left-end

Jim Brady
Slim

Don't let his silence fool
you; he can be tough.

Left-guard



John Scussel
Scutch

Too bad he couldn't have
started sooner.

Center

Bob Cowan
Bibbles

Another silent guard with
lots of know how.

Right-guard



Dick Shields
Roly-Poly

"I wish they had frapped
in the water bucket."

Right-guard

Hike Marderosian

Big Hig

He brought the opera to
the gridiron.

Right-tackle



Allen Forbes

Al

He's always in there
fighting.

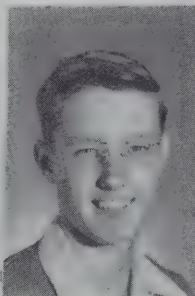
Right-tackle

Joe Cerulo

Joe

A small man with a big
wallop.

Right-end



Bill Whittemore

Red

A converted lineman that
made good as a field general.

Quarterback

Roy Haskell

Hass

The little man that loves
the game.

Halfback



Paul Hunt

Mike

When Hunt's around, nail
it down.

Left Halfback

Carl Parker

Cutie

Our own "Doc" Blanchard.

Fullback



Charley Hasenfus

"Hassie"

The only back with *savoir
faire* on pass defense.

Left Halfback

Herbie Brooks

"erbit"

If you guys would only
block.

Right Halfback



Jim Doody

Jim

Small, sizzling, sophomore
sensation.

Fullback

FIELD HOCKEY

Field hockey is a major sport for girls in the fall season — the following explanations of positions may help people understand the game.

Center Forward — The center is one of the five girls in the forward line. She starts the game by bullying with her opponent. The center takes the ball down the field by driving it to either her right or left inner, who tries to force the ball along to her right or left wing. After passing the twenty-five yard line, the ball is centered and gives the center forward a good chance to drive the ball into the goal. Player — Bette Haffey.

The Right and Left Inners — The right and left inners are two of the five girls in the forward line who have similar jobs. The inner is not allowed to pass her own defensive twenty-five yard line, but she must try to carry the ball down the field toward her opponent's goal. The right inner hits to her right wing and the left inner plays with her left wing. When the players approach the striking circle, the ball is driven toward the goal. If the ball is monopolized on one side, the center should try to drive the ball to the opposite side (which is called changing the direction). Players — Dolores Ferrara (capt.), Blanche Morell.

Right Wing and Left Wing — The right and left wings have positions comparable to right and left ends in football. The wings do a great deal of running; it is necessary for them to work with their inners in attempting to get the ball up the field toward the opponents' goal. The wings (one from each team) perform a bully if, and when, a foul is committed at the far side of the field. Players — Jean Powderly, Anne Brooks.

Center Halfback — The center forward has another defensive station. The girl playing center half tries to regain the ball if it is hit by the opposing team and drive it to one of her fellow players in the forward line. Player — Marjorie Sims.

Right Halfback, Left Halfback — The right and left halfbacks are found behind the forward line in a defensive position. When the ball is shot by an opponent out of bounds, it is the duty of one of the halfbacks to perform a roll-in (rolling the ball in from the sidelines). The halfbacks also have the job of taking a free hit when a foul is committed by the opposing team. Players — Phyllis Smith, Bonnie Lou Brunton.

Right and Left Fullbacks — There are two fullbacks — right and left. These are two of the most important defenders in the game of field hockey. One of the fullbacks usually stands near the twenty-five yard line, while the other one stays back near the goalie. Each fullback has one opponent to watch (which is called "marking"). When a foul is committed within the striking circle, the fullback usually takes the "free hit" and sends the ball out to the inner or wing who takes it down the field. Players — Beryl Light, Patricia Waters, and Nancy Ives.

Goalie — Last but not least is the goalie. The goalie's position is in the nets. Her job is to keep the ball from passing entirely over the foul line and under the bar. The goal is not counted if it is hit from outside the striking circle. Kay Higgins, our first team goalie, played her part admirably, letting only a few of the attempted tries slip by.

Games

Needham	1	Wellesley	0
Needham	2	Ashland	1
Needham	1	Brookline	0
Needham	0	Walpole	4
Needham	3	Waltham	1
Needham	0	Newton	6

Goals

Haffey	4
Morell	1
Ferrara	3

* * *

Little Dolores, our captain is she.
Everytime she played it was victory.

Bette raced towards the goal at the
top of the hill,
Then when she got there she took
quite a spill.

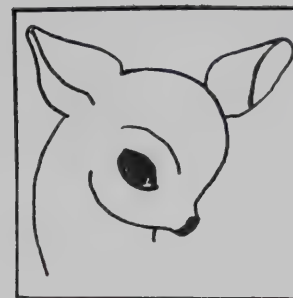
Aches, pains, bruises, most every-
day,
It's best to cure them the "witch
hazel" way.

The very wet and slippery grass
Has caused the fall of many a lass.

We mustn't forget the junior
varsity team who had an excellent
season this year. The first three
games were won without too much
trouble with Saunders and Under-
hill scoring the goals. The first de-
feat came in the fourth game when
Walpole walked away with a 1-0
victory over Needham.

The following girls were the stick
handlers for the Junior varsity
team: B. Underhill, J. Carre,
center; J. Bullard, M. Saunders, J.
Grieve, P. Leahy, A. Lindergreen,
inners; P. Cate, J. Clarenbach, J.
Hanlon, L. Langstroth, wings; M.
A. Bowlby, A. Brockett, B. Kirk-
patrick, J. Lindsay, R. Rohmer, A.
Steves, halfbacks; N. Fedel, E.
McEvoy, J. Oberacker, fullbacks;
J. Crocker, goalie.

ALUMNI



Remember those kids from the class of 1948? Of course you do. Who could forget their laughter and cheery greetings ringing in the halls? Some of them have gone to schools of higher learning and some have gone into business. We have asked a few of them to write us, telling about themselves as people of the world and about their school or place of occupation. Here's what they have to say:

* * *

Jean Remington
Colby College

Needless to say I was very pleased when asked to write about what I was doing here at Colby. Well, to begin with "college life is wonderful." It is entirely different from hi-school. There are about 1000 students here with 600 men and 400 women. The best part about Colby is the new campus that is now being built. It is very interesting to see something new going up every day. The new campus is going to be beautiful when it is finished.

Up to the present time I have not found the work too hard. I do have about two hours of homework per class but I always have two days to do it in.

Besides studying and generally enjoying myself I play field hockey quite a bit. I am also writing for the Colby newspaper "Echo". Working on this is quite different from working on the *Advocate* as it is run just like a big city newspaper.

* * *

We also had a good letter from Carol Thacker who is at Colby, too.

Joe Plunkett
University of Notre Dame

I had just settled down into the educational rut, when I received a letter from a member of the *Advocate* Staff asking me to write a letter to you about how I like college. This threw me into a panic, for I didn't know what I could say that would interest you. After tearing my hair out, I can finally say one thing — life at Notre Dame is great. Notice I said life, not studies.

At Notre Dame, as in most colleges, the teachers don't care if you ever open a book. You are entirely on your own at all times.

The football team is the main topic of conversation out here. It seems funny to see all the nationally known players walking around on the same campus as you.

Although College life is fine, I get a little wistful sometimes when I realize that never again will I be able to do the things I did in high school. Believe me, you're having more fun now than you ever will. See, I'm already beginning to sound like an old man. So I'll just close and wish you all good luck.

* * *

Brad Sterl
Huntington School

Huntington is a fine school and offers plenty of activities to enjoy along with an interesting program of studies. It differs quite a bit from Needham High with more individual instruction given to each student. It also has its own swing band of which I am a member.

Mike Hoeh
Hiram College

Take this for what it is worth.

Life in a small college such as Hiram has its advantages. Since there are only about eight hundred students, it doesn't take long to know everyone well enough to talk to. College life here is very enjoyable because you soon have many friends. The teachers are very good, and because the classes are relatively small, take an interest in the welfare of every student.

As in any college the work is hard and requires plenty of study, but the week-ends are planned to relieve the tension. We have a dance every Saturday night sponsored by one of the social clubs and a motion picture every Sunday night. There seems to be always something doing in the line of athletics, different types of organizations or just good old bull-sessions.

* * *

Jocelyn Farmer
Waltham Hospital
School of Nursing

You fellows and gals are sure having an easy time of it. We work hard, and I don't mean maybe, what with eight hours of classes and two hours at least, of home work. Our rising hour is six-fifteen and ten-thirty means lights-out, or else. They even tell us what to wear, when and where; no slacks outside the campus or up to the dining room! It is really wonderful here. All the girls are grand, and I wouldn't give it up for the world.

Nat Chambers
Suffolk

Suffolk is wonderful! It's in Boston right behind the State House. It's not a very large school, so the whole atmosphere is more friendly than some larger colleges. The university itself consists of a Law School, College of Liberal Arts, College of Journalism and College of Business Administration.

I'm in the College of Liberal Arts at the present time. I have fifteen hours of actual classes a week in the required freshman course. My subjects are English, Social Science, European History, Science and Humanities. I haven't found any of them to be hard so far, but mid-term exams start in a week, so I really have to study.

I have joined a lot of extra-curricular clubs and activities. I write for the school publications, belong to the Social Club, International Relations Club, and go sailing on the Charles River with a group.

I'm living at home, but I think I'm getting as much out of college life as those who are "in residence." I love every minute of it, from my mad dash to catch the 7:33 A.M. train (it's so early!) right up to the afternoon train home.

I miss Needham High, but my new Alma Mater is almost as good. I hope some of you kids who graduate next June will come to Suffolk.

* * *

Bob Dewey
Babson Institute

College life is great, even for a fellow who lives in Needham. Babson Institute is really some place. The teachers over here give us more homework for one day than was assigned on the Hill for a week. I have classes until 5 o'clock three days a week as well as classes on Saturday until noon. When a holiday occurs, we have to make up the classes we miss on the following free afternoons.

The school is rather small with an enrollment of about 500. My section is made up of 30 swell fellows, six of whom are from Wellesley. I am kept under constant fire from them over whose team is the better in football, hockey and basketball. The school is run like a business with attendance compulsory for all classes. The classes are so interesting, though, that no one wants to cut them, yet.

* * *

Glendon Nickerson
University of North Carolina

College life is great and I think that University of North Carolina is tops. I'm out for the freshmen football tar babies. We played our first game with South Carolina and beat them 28-27. Kenan Stadium, the place where we play our games, is recognized as being one of the most beautiful stadiums in the U. S. The field is built in a natural hollow and is surrounded by large pine trees. The school spirit is swell down here, and the town (Chapel Hill) goes wild on the weekend of a game.

Well, I guess that's just about all the news, so I'm off to hit the text.

* * *

Jerry Davis
Barby Eaton
Ann Swigart
Green Mountain Junior College

Here at college we are surrounded by the beautiful green mountains of Vermont. These mountains are very impressive at this time of year with their brilliant Fall colors, and promise us a good skiing season this Winter.

The teachers keep us quite busy with the homework which, incidentally, is a lot different from high school, but we still find time to take in the extra-curricular activities and have lots of fun.

If any girl is looking for a good junior college, just head for Poulton, Vermont, and you'll find everyone very friendly and will feel right at home. We did!

Kenny Childs
M. I. T.

I used to worry when we had homework given to us for the day that we were to miss class because of an assembly. (Ah, those assemblies! Once you're in college you won't have them, so enjoy them while they last.) Before we were even in school our calculus class had an assignment. However, other than going to school from nine to five every day, and studying an average of two hours a night, we have things soft here at Tech.

We have an expression for M. I. T. It goes, "Tech is He —" (and it doesn't rhyme). But don't misunderstand me, everyone here agrees that he came to the best technical school in the country. Besides, it's co-ed. We have nine girls in our class of eight-hundred-thirty-five. What more could one ask?

* * *

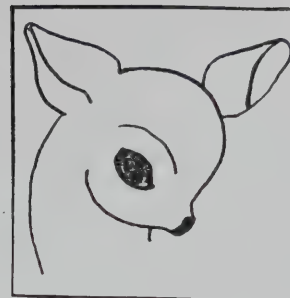
Barbara Schnelle
Lasell Junior College

Lasell Junior College is a wonderful place to be studying. Our dormitories were contributed by residents of Auburndale, and they are quite old. Most of them are yellow colonial homes. There are two Freshmen dormitories. I am in Braghton, which is the main building.

Lasell has a meeting place for everyone which is called the Barn. We have an eating place and a post office upstairs. Downstairs is a lounging room with a juke box where we hold some of our small dances.

We have a marvelous athletic program here. In the fall we have soccer, field hockey, and during the winter our main sport is basketball. When spring arrives, one finds practically everybody going out for crew.

HUMOR



DIARY of a HI-SCHOOL SENOR

Born, April first, with gray hair, hazy eyes, and disgusted parents. Ahh — that first word, curls cut, crossed street alone. Entered first grade and developed intense dislike for teachers. Finally entered junior high school two years late. Joined band and got all wet at the games. Made Sophomore class by skin of teeth. Lost on first day. There only one week and got 60 hours for smoking. Got acquainted (after school locker appointments). Father elected to school committee (no run-ins with the Skipper). Ordered class ring. Junior year took Chem. A. (Lab closed for repairs). Made operetta chorus (along with 45 others).

Finally got license, took girl to dance (her poor aching feet). Class ring too small; sent back.

At last a *Senior*—big wheel now. Regular Tommy Dorsey on trombone. Joined every club in school. Ran for fire chief on Good Government day — made it by 1 vote. (Evening headline — 3 homes burned.) Smoke Kools now. Need half point to graduate — Long talk with advisors. Slipped sophomore a fin for needed point. I made it — Wow!

* * *

Paul goes camping
Paul takes gun
Paul Hunt

* * *

Dora to Mabel, "I really abhor physics, but I've got to take it — I'm the only girl in the class."

* * *

Dick caught by cannibal
Dick cooked
Dick Eaton

A friend in need generally needs too much.

* * *

THE NEWLY-WEDS

Jean Powderly, '49

A tall, lean lad with sun-burned skin

Was Clem, the farmer's boy.

To show his strength he'd twist a rail

As if it were a toy.

Now Sally Lou was young and pert,
As pretty as could be.

"She'll make some one a real good wife,"

Folks said; "it's plain to see."

There was a big church fair one day;

The sun was hot above.

Young Clem bought Sally Lou's lunch box,

And then they fell in love.

That fall the town heard church bells ring.

"They'll make a perfect pair."

Soon after Clem said, "You can't cook."

Sal hit him with a chair.

* * *

Until the doctors found the danger of a kiss,

I thought that kissing you was the nearest thing to bliss.

But now I know biology and shout and sigh and moan.

18,600 bacteria, and I thought we were alone.

* * *

Hold your youth, but not while he's driving.

* * *

Ignorance is bliss; especially if she's pretty.

HOW TO PASS AN EXAM

Elbert Ainstein and Dennis Demoit

- I. Write answers with a pen or pencil, unless otherwise directed.
- II. The giving and receiving of information is perfectly legitimate, and no punishment will be inflicted, unless caught.
- III. Cheat notes (more properly known as study guides) may be used under same conditions as II.
- IV. These examinations have no great influence on your mark, but might possibly alter it slightly.
- V. These examinations should not be thought of as a test of your knowledge, but only of your luck.

* * *

Disease is spread by kisses,
Or so it has been stated
But you can kiss me any time
I've been vaccinated.

* * *

Rub-a dub-dub
Three men in a tub
Gosh darn these country hotels.

* * *

Dark corner — most crowded place at a dance.

You're like a muscle — you're in everybody's arms.

* * *

In memory of those who died waiting for the bell.

* * *

A kiss is like a film; it develops best in the dark.

Marriage isn't a word; it's a sentence.

AN ESSAY ON NOTHING

Edward Condit, '49

As I sit at my desk, groping for thoughts, nothing passes through my mind. That is why I am writing about it. Nothing really stirs my inner workings to do this, save the fact that it is better to write something about nothing than to write nothing about something.

A conception of nothing may be reached when we consider that when we don't have something we have nothing. When we have something, we feel it is better than nothing. In light of these facts we may deduce that nothing is with us all the time, and can be obtained simply by losing everything.

How indispensable to us is nothing! We brought nothing with us when we came into this world, and when we leave we will take nothing away. The very world herself, not to mention the infinite array of planets and stars that are about her, hang on nothing. The blind man sees nothing, the deaf man hears nothing, the brave man fears nothing, the contented man wants nothing, the man who has lost everything still has nothing.

Nothing is very interesting. Some people seem to want everything, but nothing is good enough for me. Nothing is as beautiful as a moonlight night in summer. Nothing is as soft as a feather bed. Nothing is as large as a big, red box of Duz. Nothing is as nice as inheriting a million-dollar gold mine. Nothing beats going to the circus. Nothing is as annoying as a spoiled child. Nothing can help me now that I'm this far gone.

We are constantly running into situations where we come in contact with nothing. For instance, the following: Mother says, "Johnny, what are you doing?" Johnny carefully replaces the cookie jar, wipes the crumbs from his mouth, and innocently replies, "Nothing."

Or there's the invincible ball team that, after having sauntered onto the field boasting that nothing could stop it, is held to a score of nothing.

One reads the impressive tabulations of the hordes of people that fall prey to headaches, neuralgia, and falling arches. Who has ever tabulated the countless souls that are afflicted with nothing? Well, I'm afraid nothing can be done about it.

Think of all the people who go to stores and buy nothing, go to work and do nothing, go to schools and learn nothing!

Now that I'm so well along in this frightful paper, the thought has just occurred to me that I might have left the pages entirely blank, thereby aptly discussing the subject.

At this point I find nothing to add. Shakespeare made *Much Ado About Nothing*, but he has nothing on me. I have started with nothing and enlarged upon it. Difficult you say? Why, there's absolutely nothing to it!

* * *

Where's the capital of U. S.?
They loaned it all to Europe.

* * *

Let's be gay while we may
And seize love with laughter.
I'll be true as long as you
And not a moment after.

* * *

Fail now
And avoid the rush.

* * *

Herbie not stream
Herbie not river
Herbie Brooks

* * *

Eddie lights match
Eddie forgets it
Eddie Byrnes

* * *

George not branch
George not stick
George Twigg

* * *

Husband to new bride: "Dear, this roast chicken tastes peculiar; what did you stuff it with?"

Wife: "I didn't have to stuff it, dear; this one came already stuffed."

* * *

Onward, Onward!
Time in thy flight
Please make the bell ring
Before I recite!

A data
A danca
Out lata
Per chanca
A classa
A quizza
No passa
Gee whizza

* * *

Love is like soup — first mouthful is hot, rest gradually cooler.

It's commonly known that boys hate cats but love chickens.

* * *

BILLY THE KID

Donald Pinkham, '49

There once was a man called Billy
the Kid,
Who wore six guns and a ten-gallon
lid.

He was wanted for murder and
haunted by sin,
For he'd killed and he'd robbed
wherever he'd been.

Now Billy the Kid was a man of
the West;
Though shot at and hunted, he
passed every test.
Billy was cool and sharp as a knife,
But he made one mistake that cost
him his life.

Bill had a gal that was raised in the
Pecos
And he'd meet her at Dallas after
each fracas.
Now the sheriff of Dallas was as
sly as a fox,
And he swore he'd put Billy in a
closed pine box.

After a hold up at Lonesome Creek
Bill headed for Dallas his girl friend
to meet,
But the sheriff hid in the lovers'
shack
And shot poor Billy right in the
back.

This was the end of Billy the Kid,
Who wore six guns and a ten-gallon
lid.
Though Billy was cool and sharp as
a knife,
He picked the wrong girl — 'twas
the sheriff's wife.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

from the

ADVERTISERS

SURPLUS Portable Microscopes

We offer a limited quantity of surplus portable microscopes for sale. These are all new, in original cartons and are offered at a fraction of original cost.

Specifications: Overall height 8 inches, turret with three different powers. Will accept auxiliary eye-piece for higher powers desired. Fully adjustable on tiltback base. Optical system: pitch-polished lenses.

These portable microscopes are offered subject to prior sale on the following terms: Price \$9.00, includes shipping and packing charges. Check or money order should be sent with your order or \$2.50 deposit the microscope to be sent C.O.D. for balance. Any check received after quantity has been sold will be returned promptly.

Gibson Page Co., Inc.

BOX 1130, ROCHESTER 2, N. Y.

Dealers in Surplus Commodities

These are the Symbols of Your Future!

America is strong because we all enjoy the unique *combination* of qualities that *make* our nation the most productive of any country on earth. Why?

First, because we've built our whole system on a solid faith and belief in the dignity of the individual.

Out of our belief in the dignity of the individual has evolved the wonderful pattern of America. Our policy of free markets.

Our belief in competition. Our adherence to the principle of constantly better quality at consistently lower cost.

Our emphasis on research—on invention—on new and better methods.

Our faith in the future and our desire ever to advance — ever to improve the lot of everybody, regardless of race, creed or color.

These — *in combination* — are America. And nowhere else in the world is there such a combination — that's *your* U. S. A



"Our willingness to invest."



"Reward for initiative."



"Our right to choose."



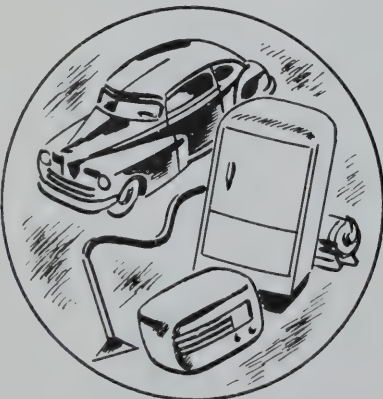
"Free markets and competition."



"Know-how — and inventiveness."



"Sound use of machine power."



"More goods of better quality at lower costs, paying higher wages."

The William Carter Company believes in these symbols of your future . . . of America's future. Through them, this company has grown to be one of the leaders in its field. Perhaps, upon graduation, you would like to consider working for such a company. If you do, feel free to call upon our Personnel Manager. He'll be glad to tell you of the opportunities offered at The William Carter Company.



"Free government — of the people — by the people — for the people."

Carter's

Makers of fine underwear for the entire family

Edith M. Dennison

SPECIALTY SHOP

937 GREAT PLAIN AVENUE

Distinctive Holiday Dress Fashions For Juniors — Misses — Women
Smart Accessories — Blouses — Hosiery — Skirts — Slips

HY-LAND KNITTING MILL

Sweaters and Knitting Yarn

861 Highland Avenue

Needham Heights

WHETTON'S

Established 1882

OIL BURNING EQUIPMENT

Largest Fuel Storage in the Vicinity

904 Great Plain Ave.

144 West Street

Ne 3-0967
0968

Ne 3-0390

THE ATLANTIC SERVICE STATION

EDMUND A. HANSON Prop.

Highland Ave. at Mark Lee Road

Needham Heights

Mass.

Tel.

NE 3-2362

Compliments of

NICKERSON'S STORE

Compliments of

WASHERITE

Self Service Laundry

1096 GREAT PLAIN AVENUE

Merry Christmas

from

THIS and THAT SHOP

*"The correct card for
any occasion"*

Foods of Excellence . . .

RIMMELE'S

Phone NEedham 3-2000

Compliments of

RUPERT I. IRVING, D.M.D.

W. M. QUINLAN

Pharmacist

THE THOMAS SUTTON CO.

MEATS and GROCERIES

1092 GREAT PLAIN AVENUE

Telephones NE { 3-1643
3-1644

TOWN GRILL

121 CHAPEL STREET

NE 3-2383

BERKELEY STORES, Inc.

1078 GREAT PLAIN AVE.

**THE NEEDHAM
CO-OPERATIVE BANK**

NEEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS



*Organized for and Dedicated to the
Principles of Systematic Thrift
and Home Financing*



Assets Over

Seven and Three-Quarter Million Dollars



Over a Half Century of Community
Service in Financing the Building of
Homes in Needham and Surrounding
Communities



Compliments of

NEedham 3-2800

FEELY CHEVROLET, INC.

70 CHESTNUT STREET, NEEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

STORER'S INC.

Quality Footwear

FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

X-RAY FITTING

910 GREAT PLAIN AVE., NEEDHAM

DUNHAM PONTIAC CO.

Complete Service — All Makes
Front Wheel Alignment Service

BOATS - OUTBOARD MOTORS

238 CHESTNUT ST.

NEedham 3-2116

Compliments of

MODERN BUS LINES

Compliments of

JOHN TORREY KENNEY

ATTORNEY

*For Christmas
Give Records!*

STANDARD RADIO CO.

1017 GREAT PLAIN AVENUE

Compliments of

CHAMBERS' MARKET

910 HIGHLAND AVENUE

NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.

BENJAMIN MOSELEY CO., Inc.

Sweaters of Distinction



1329 HIGHLAND AVENUE
NE 3-0348 NEEDHAM

MANTER'S PHARMACY

HAROLD D. MANTER, Reg. Pharm.

932 Highland Avenue Needham Heights, Mass.

Tel. NEedham 3-0980

NEEDHAM NATIONAL BANK

RESOURCES OVER \$5,000,000

*Checking - Savings - Christmas - Tax Club Accounts
Safe Deposit Boxes*

Member Federal Reserve System and Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

FIRST NATIONAL SUPER MARKET

980 GREAT PLAIN AVENUE
NEEDHAM

NEEDHAM JEWELRY STORE

943 GREAT PLAIN AVENUE

*Jewelry and Gifts
Watch and Jewelry Repairing*

COMPLIMENTS OF

TOM'S TAXI

NEedham 3-3000



7.00 A.M. to 1.00 A.M.

CHAPEL ST. GARAGE

43 CHAPEL STREET



NEedham 3-0647

ALGER E. EATON & SONS

Funeral Service

1351 HIGHLAND AVENUE
NEEDHAM, MASS.

SHERMAN & COWLES

Newsdealers

NE 3-1797

16 EATON SQUARE
NEEDHAM 92, MASS.

Compliments of

J. A. HOLDEN ELECTRIC CO.

922 HIGHLAND AVENUE

NEEDHAM HEIGHTS

THE BEAUTY MART

1074 GREAT PLAIN AVE.

NEEDHAM

Tel. NEedham 3-1384

Tony's Barber Shop next door

NEEDHAM BUICK COMPANY

237 CHESTNUT STREET

Phone: NEedham 3-2470

Compliments of

PARIS CLEANERS

BOND PRINTING COMPANY

"Printing that Pleases"

1076 Great Plain Avenue, Needham, Mass.

PAUL E. RICHWAGEN and SONS, Inc.

FLORISTS

"The Home of Flowers"

Member of Florist Telegraph Delivery Association

Tel. NEedham 3-0652

Highland Avenue and Rosemary Street

NEEDHAM, MASS.

ARTHUR F. PROBST

Greeting Cards

Toys and Games

Books — Stationery

Large Variety Christmas Cards

Lending Library

921 Great Plain Avenue

Needham, Mass.



MEN'S and LADIES'

Formal Clothes

TO RENT

◆
READ & WHITE

111 SUMMER ST., BOSTON

COMPLETE AUTO BODY REPAIR AND PAINTING SERVICE

ORT'S AUTO BODY SERVICE

Telephone
NEedham 3-2894

26 PICKERING STREET
NEEDHAM 92, MASS.

Compliments of

YOUNG'S FURNITURE CO., INC.

1036 GREAT PLAIN AVENUE

NEEDHAM, MASS.

MURDOCH & HERDMAN

Insurance

P. O. Building 20 Chestnut Street
NEEDHAM

HEIGHTS HARDWARE STORE

A Complete Line of

HARDWARE & PITTSBURGH PAINTS

Phone Ne 3-2318 894 Highland Ave.

CROSSMAN'S MARKET, INC.

NE 3-0012

HEIGHTS PHARMACY

BARNET SHAPIRO, Ph.G., Reg. Ph.

882 Highland Ave. NEedham 3-2688

NYAL STORE

Delivery Service

Compliments of

MAURICE V. BROWN, D.M.D.

KAISER

Sales and Service

FRAZER

R. C. MUIRHEAD INC.

207 Highland Avenue

NEedham 3-2726

Needham Heights 94

E. DeFazio, D.M.D.

MacGREGOR INSTRUMENT CO.

NEEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

H. S. LOCKE & SON COMPANY

Lumber and Insulating Materials
Window Frames and Doors

73 CHESTNUT STREET, NEEDHAM, MASS.

THE ART SHADE CO.

LAMP SHADES MADE TO ORDER

VASE ELECTRIFIED

34 Chestnut Street

NEedham 3-1908

NORFOLK COUNTY TRUST COMPANY

Checking Accounts

Savings Accounts

Safe Deposit Boxes



MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Merry Christmas

Happy New Year

RICHARD B. WINSLOW, D.M.D.

NEEDHAM SALES INC.



CHAPEL STREET
NEEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

HOWARD JOHNSON'S

"a fine place to eat"

Junction of 128 & HIGHLAND AVENUE, NEEDHAM HEIGHTS

Our new room is available for special parties and banquets, for reservations call Mr. Sutherland or Mr. Cobb, NEedham 3-0655.

NE 3-0714 — Res. NE 3-2578-J

EUGENE F. McCULLOCH

*General Automobile Repairing
Batteries · Tires · Accessories*

24 HR. TOWING SERVICE

388 RESERVOIR STREET
NEEDHAM HEIGHTS

NE 3-0268
NE 3-2694

LA 7-8098

MEDFIELD 30

ACME ELECTRIC CO.

PAUL F. TIBBETTS, Prop.

NEEDHAM

NEWTON CENTRE

MEDFIELD

J. WATSON & SON

Hudson Sales and Service

835-841 HIGHLAND AVENUE

NE 3-1065 3-2165

Compliments of

R. H. KIMBALL & SON

95 CHAPEL STREET
NEEDHAM 92, MASSACHUSETTS

NE 3-0622-R

Real Estate

MEREDITH & GREW, Inc.

938 GREAT PLAIN AVENUE

NEedham 3-3020

**Merry Christmas
to Everyone**

CHEERIO KITCHEN

*Established in 1934 and still famous for
Home Cooked Food*

DONATI'S JENNY SERVICE

VICTOR T. DONATI, *Proprietor*

TIRES, BATTERIES
AND ALL AUTOMOTIVE ACCESSORIES,
COMPLETE CAR SERVICING
ROAD SERVICE

26 PICKERING STREET (opposite theatre)
NEEDHAM

Tel. NEedham 3-2787

BLEAKNEY'S EXPRESS

Needham & Boston

NEedham 3-0312

*Furniture Moving · Crating
Storage*

CHARLES WALTON & SON INC.

661 HIGHLAND AVE.

NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.



Old Trusty Dog Food Company

NEEDHAM HEIGHTS

Your Dog Deserves the Best

Compliments of

KINSMAN'S DAIRY

EADIE'S INC., FINE FOODS

Exclusively Home Made

BREAD, CAKES and PASTRIES

Commissary

1430 HIGHLAND AVE.

NE 3-1011

Compliments of

THE BOWLING GREEN

OPEN EVERY AFTERNOON AT 2:30

PINBOYS WANTED

VITA NEEDLE COMPANY

Manufacturers of

Hypodermic VITA Needles

Needham, Massachusetts

GEORGE E. MAHONEY

Your Needham Olds Dealer

451 HIGHLAND AVENUE

NEEDHAM HEIGHTS

Tel. NE 3-1606

Home Telephone
NEedham 3-2381

NEedham 3-2040

MUZI MOTORS

CHRYSLER • SALES AND SERVICE • PLYMOUTH

JOHN MUZI Proprietor

24-HOUR TOWING ALA

389 RESERVOIR STREET
NEEDHAM HEIGHTS

NEEDHAM PARAMOUNT THEATRE

"See You at the Movies Friday Night"

MATINEES AT 1:45

EVENING AT 7:45

AMERICAN BEAUTY STUDIO

951 GREAT PLAIN AVENUE
NEEDHAM

Tel. NEedham 3-0216

McINTOSH

Florist

137 MAPLE STREET, NEEDHAM, MASS.

WOODWARD'S

Stationery Store

Compliments of

HAROLD D. PULLEN, D.M.D.

*Serving Graduates and Undergraduates
For Eighteen Years*

"Meet You at Kinne's"

KINNE'S PHARMACY

FRAGRANT

BALSAM TREES

XMAS WREATHS

HOUSE PLANTS, POINSETTIAS AND OTHER
GIFTS GALORE

WINSLOW

NURSERIES INCORPORATED

GREAT PLAIN AVE. at WELLESLEY LINE

WILLETT & CHADWICK COAL CO. INC.

"blue coal"

NEEDHAM OIL CO. INC.

MOBIL HEAT

Decelle

HEADQUARTERS FOR . . .

Arrow
Interwoven
Hickok

Holeproof
Carter
Kayser

Textron
No Mend
Seemprofe

Kaynee
Cinderella
Mckem

DANIEL G. FRAWLEY

Compliments of

G. & S. PAPER, Inc.

For Tops in

**FRIED CHICKEN · FRIED CLAMS
FOUNTAIN SERVICE**

Topsy's Chicken Coop

255 HIGHLAND AVE.
NEEDHAM HEIGHTS
On Route 128

ORDERS TO
TAKE OUT
Tel. NE 3-2878

BUSHWAY ICE CREAM

"everybody likes it"

**BROOKLINE
ORIENTAL RUG COMPANY**

New

**ORIENTALS · BROADLOOMS
STAIR CARPETING**

NEedham
3-0333

315 HUNNEWELL

HUMPHREY'S SERVICE

1401 HIGHLAND AVENUE

NEedham 3-2620

MOVING

GOODS INSURED

PACKING

H. E. BAMFORTH and SON

313 BROOKLINE STREET

NE 3-0904

CRATING

EXPERT HANDLING

STORAGE

Come in and browse around in the home
of tailored and glamorous fashions for the Young Sophisticate
at prices you like to pay



DRESSES · SUITS · COATS · SWEATERS · SPORTSWEAR
HOSIERY · UNDERWEAR · GLOVES · ACCESSORIES

The Pilgrimage Co.
NEEDHAM 92, MASS.

Compliments of

Ace Sportswear Company

205 ROSEMARY STREET, NEEDHAM HEIGHTS

"ACE SETS THE PACE"

